THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

MANY elements evidently go into the making of a "social engineer," as ROBERT W. KELSO describes himself. As a child, he attended school in an Illinois village, working in the tomato fields spring and fall. As a highschool boy, he worked three nights a week as machinist's apprentice. As a student, he worked his way through Harvard College and Law School. As a social worker, he rebuilt an old state board into a modern Department of Public Welfare, for eight years was secretary of the Boston Council of Social Agencies, for the past three years was director of the St. Louis Community Fund and Council and in 1922 was president of the National Conference of Social Work. On this background he bases his belief in the final drawing together of clashing points of view about Community Chests. Page 117.

A RECENT holiday trip to Porto Rico is responsible for PAUL MONROE's article (page 120) on the trials and tribulations of the islanders. The professor of education at Teachers' College of Columbia University, he is most widely known for his work in the Far East.

FOOTLOOSE FAMILIES (page 124) is based on a study made by G. ELEANOR KIMBLE under the National Association of Travelers Aid Societies at the request of the President's Committee on Employment. Miss Kimble is now the director of the department of social work of the University of Denver following earlier positions in social work and teaching.

THE moving story of FREDERIC E. GREENE's interviews with "Davenport" (page 127) grew out of his services with the Joint Application Bureau in New York City. He is now at a similar post in Oneida County.

WIDELY known for his biography of Jesus, The Call of the Carpenter, CHARLES BOUCK WHITE (page 129) describes himself as "a writer-publicist who has graduated out of the militant socialist ranks. Contrary to the customary trend with that crowd, I have been led away from internationalism in the opposite direction—toward municipalism."

IN the third article in his series for Survey Graphic (page 130) DR. FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS combines his trips to Russia and Italy in a psychiatrist's estimate of the mental effect of these widely varying forms of dictatorship on the peoples who live under them.

SERENELY facing death, KATHERINE SCHAUB has taken correspondence courses in writing, the first fruits of which we are happy to put in print. Page 138.

THE assistant director of research of the Household Finance Corporation of Chicago, MARGARET GROBBEN interprets (page 141) the information secured by questionnaire from among its clients who have been unemployed but have not applied to relief funds. As sociologist and economist, Miss Grobben has held positions in a bond house and in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago.

FOR many years on the staff of the Outlook, HAROLD T. PULSIFER now lives in Maine and writes verse (page 145) for which magazine readers eagerly look forward. His latest volume, Harvest of Time, came recently from the press of Houghton Mifflin.

FROM the basis of her long experience in social research, including her present place with the Welfare Council of New York, NEVA R. DEARDORFF figures (page 146) that to carry out the recommendations of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection would cost the tidy sum of a billion dollars a year. And it ought to be done! Referred to the Ways and Means Committee.

FROM the staff of Survey Graphic: MARY ROSS (page 125); JOHN PALMER GAVIT (page 143); ARTHUR KELLOGG (page 148); LEON WHIPPLE (page 150).

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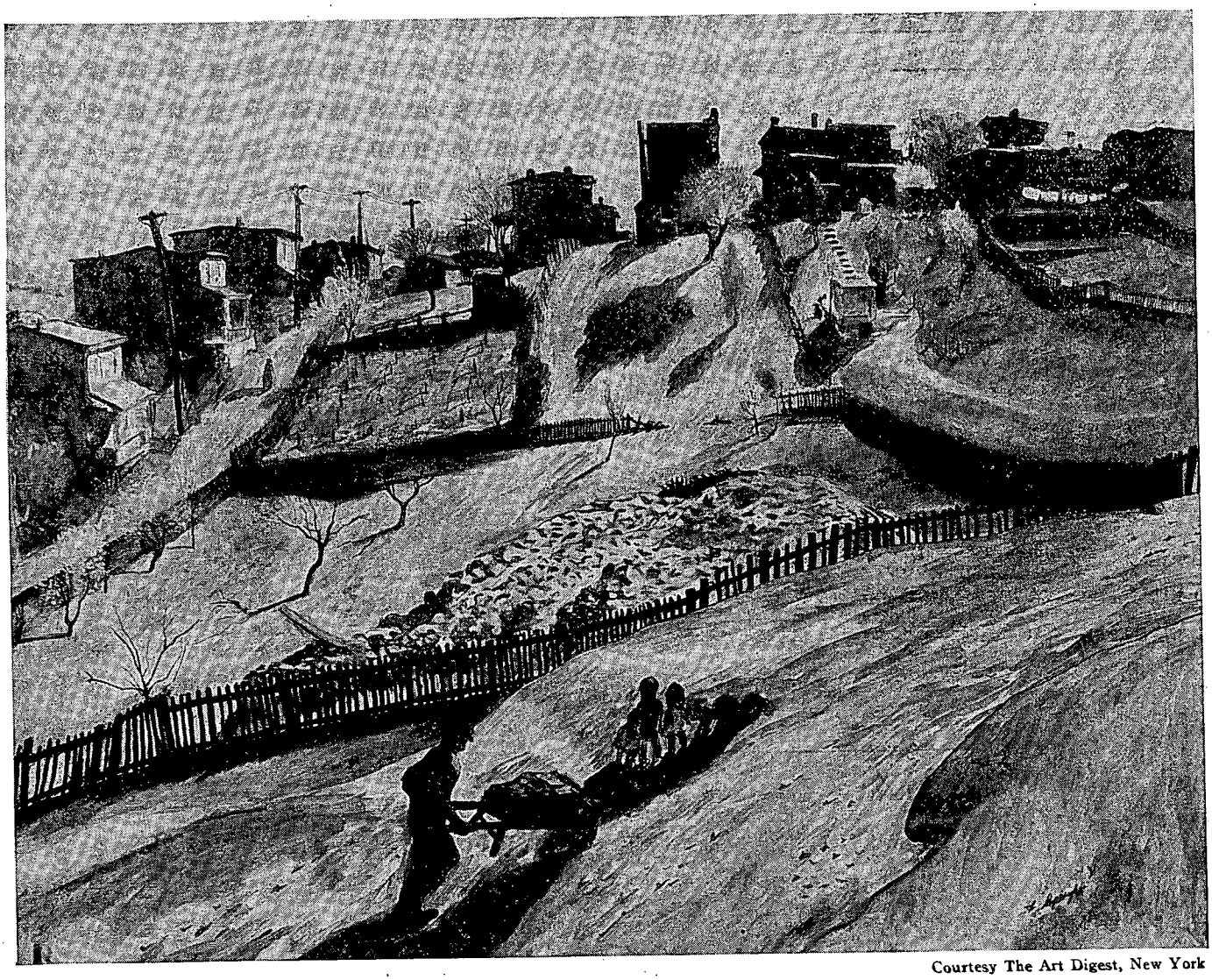

Courtesy The Art Digest, New York

MANAYUNK IN SPRING

Painting by Francis Speight

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

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Banker Control of Community Chests

By ROBERT W. KELSO

THE promoter of Tidewater Incorporated pushed back his plate to make room for his elbows. "Mr. Chairman, I want to say just this; this Community Chest has got to be reorganized for the business of raising money. We've got to forget all about this social-theory talk in the Central Council. Those people are a bunch of old hens anyway."

The expansive smile with which the president beamed out over his executive board as they sat about the table in the mahogany room of the most exclusive financiers' club in the city, lost him his chance to reply. A small alert banker with large rimmed spectacles, came in ahead. "Not only that; but when an employe, or the budget committee, tries to tell us that the easy job is raising the money and the hardest part is distributing it, it is high time we fired the clerk and suppressed the committee. Maybe we don't own this Chest; but the crowd ought to know that we control it."

The idea fairly reverberated.

"This executive board is forgetting its powers," said the leader of the Exchange, "when it lets the budget committee talk it out of a 20 per cent cut in the pay of the Chest and agency workers. That 20 per cent would give us nearly $400,000. It would nearly fill up the shortage in the last drive. We will get a lot of kicks from dissatisfied boards because we cut their budgets. If you ask me, I think there are too many women on that budget committee."

"No, Denny, we have to have those women. They do all the work."

It was the ineffectual member speaking—ineffectual because he had suffered reverses in business; in fact he hardly belonged in the power group any more. And besides, he was suspected of believing that the Central Council of Social Agencies was basically more important than the Chest.

"Tom," rejoined Denny, "I'll bet you would put women on this executive board if you had your way."

"I certainly would," replied Tom. "This board behaves as though it owned the Community Chest. The truth is, we are only trustees for the city's welfare. Our board ought to be as widely representative as it can be made, without becoming too unwieldy."

"No, I don't agree; you are all wrong about that," said the alert banker. "We need to keep a tight control here. What we want to do is to hire a financial campaign money-raiser, and leave the welfare stuff to the women. Let them run the Central Council; our business is action—get the money, tell the agencies what they can have; give it to them; and then stand back and see them do good with it."

But the ineffectual member stood his ground. "Well, I don't say I agree with Jameson either, when he says the hardest thing is getting the money for the Chest. No doubt that would be the hardest part, if it were not for the fact that distributing that money justly and effectively takes so much care and study and attention to relative values. Our budget committee does a good job; but when their final report comes in here, we are just as apt as not to set the whole proposition one side, and give most to the agencies that we think would heave us the worst wallop if we cut them. I tell you I think we are in danger of forgetting the trust nature of a Community Chest."

"Of course we have got to look out for the hard

The bankers, who raise the money for many Community Chests, feel that control goes with the pursestrings and that it is for them to decide what money shall be spent and for which forms of service: if it is all needed for relief, the character-building agencies may have to make character by the ancient tonic of poverty. Social workers, hard driven by the extra burden thrown on them by the depression, challenge this attitude, not only as a program but as a philosophy. What needs *to be done, they ask, and how shall we build a welfare program amid the disruptive forces of a mechanized urban civilization? A discussion of one of the pressing problems of hard times by a man of long experience and broad philosophy.*

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wallops." It was Tidewater speaking again. "We would have cut the whole lot of character-building agencies out of any gravy at all this year if it hadn't been for Dunker on that Y board. Those fellows would sure make it hot."

"Well, gentlemen,"—it was the chair rapping for attention,—"We might as well get to the business of the meeting. You have the final report of the budget committee before you. What will you do with it? It contains, as you know, a total cut of 15 per cent in the budgets of the member agencies. That cut has been apportioned by the budget committee—some larger and some smaller—in accordance with their estimate of the places where cutting would do the least damage. What do you say?"

"I move you, Mr. Chairman," spoke up a new voice, "that the report be tabled and that this cut be applied to the agency budgets pro rata on the estimates they turned in before the drive."

CHEST executives all over the United States will find nothing new in conversation like the foregoing. It is common to most of the executive boards of Community Chests wherever control is held narrowly by the financial group. It illustrates a deep-lying conflict between banker control and professional values in the present stage of development in social work. In good times, when the strain upon social work is less, all hands do their best to live it down without injury to the cause. In times of depression, when the strains upon social work are excessive, it comes to the surface; and in times of prolonged calamity, it may even break over and destroy the accomplishment of years in the setting up of sound social-work processes.

Let us examine this cleavage first in its bold outline. For centuries charity has meant largely the giving back by the wealthy of some of the surplus which they have amassed, in great measure, from the labor of the poor. Once in a while there comes a man like Robert Owen, who in the early days when the new industrial system was working such havoc with the women and children of the poor, stepped forward in an effort to do something more constructive than charity to those who were already broken. His effort was logical enough; but it was unusually radical, certainly for those days; and his compatriots in business turned thumbs down upon it.

With the upspring of individual family relief work in the 80's of the last century, there began a new day in works of charity. The movement was exactly coincident with the rapid growth of city populations in the United States. From that time to the present, urbanization has gone on at an accelerated rate, as a result of the speed with which we have mechanized industry.

At the present day we find the majority of our people living in cities. We find the government of these cities often so crude as to be practically a failure on any basis of government as a service to the people. We find industry still conducted without conscious group effort to protect and advance the welfare of its workers. And finally, we find a multitude of welfare enterprises in every large city slowly and painfully drawing themselves together into a coherent program on a civic basis for the protection of the common good and the promotion of the general welfare.

It is altogether natural that the new profession springing into existence to meet this urgent social need for a welfare program, should be impatient of old points of view that were born of centuries of thinking and doing. Their thesis is a welfare program, and they move toward it with all of the push and ambition of early youth. In the process they may forget the conservative setting in which they operate. They overlook the source of the financial support of their efforts. Feeling themselves in a noble cause, they bite the hand that feeds them.

The conservatives for their part are having a harder time of it every year. Their old notion that they should buy a man's labor at the cheapest price they can get, and have no obligation toward the workman other than his pay, is knocked to pieces by legislation on industrial accidents, by employer's liability requirements, and by various liabilities touching the safety and well being of their men, all of which have been encouraged if not actually secured by the busybodies of this new profession of social work. More and more the general public is coming to condemn such industrialists as amass tremendous personal wealth out of the sweat of their workers and then leave it to society through taxes to look after their human breakage.

IN the clash of these divergent views about the common welfare, the banker and financier control group tend to set up a narrow despotic control of the Community Chest. They have no doubt that their personal judgment as to how the money should be spent is safer than the judgment of these radical social workers. After all, they are the fellows who have given most to the Chest, and money in their judgment has a right to control. The professional group insist that Chest money constitutes a trust, to be expended with considerable discretion for the social work of the community. A budget committee, say they, should go minutely into an analysis of all member agency budgets; and in doing so, should feel an obligation to call upon the Central Council as a survey and fact-finding body to provide them the information and opinions regarding the validity of any effort supported by the budgets proposed.

Ownership of the Chest looks upon such study as unnec-

Retail vs. Wholesale

A Prophesy by MARY E. RICHMOND

A . . . major controversy in which Miss Richmond and her department [of the Russell Sage Foundation] became involved came toward the end of her first ten years in New York, and concerned the development of financial federations. Miss Richmond never wrote a single line on the subject herself. . . . But in discussion, she was outspoken in her fear of the domination of social forces by the power that holds the pursestrings. She was fundamentally in favor of retail as opposed to what she regarded as wholesale methods of attacking social problems. The business man's concepts of production and efficiency would hinder, she felt, not help to develop the delicate fabric of social relations. Her consistent, lifelong liberalism in politics made her distrust and fear the results of "big business" methods applied to the organization of social forces. At the National Conference in 1901, she had said regarding "charity trusts": "Charity seems to me [a thing] that goes only a little way along the lines of business, and then goes a very much longer way along the lines of education . . . the seeker after truth must be unhampered; he must be free. *From The Long View, Papers and Addresses by Mary E. Richmond, edited by Joanna C. Colcord and Ruth Z. S. Mann. Russell Sage Foundation.* 1930.

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essary for the most part. It would treat all alike, in order to be fair. It would not think, for instance, of alienating the goodwill of ministers, each one vocal in his pulpit, by denying to a federation of such ministers, holding membership in the Chest, a requested appropriation for a piece of alleged social service, which the professional group would contend was too low in standard for efficiency or even for recognition. In many of the Community Chests of the country today, an unquestionable amount of deadwood is being carried along because the financial group is unwilling to hurt the feelings of individuals who are financially strong in the community, however weak they may be in the standards of their favorite social work. Professional social workers accuse the banker group of a lack of sand; but the chances are that this is a misjudgment in most instances. The real cause of the trouble is a failure to see that social work is a highly skilled occupation, and that it has standards of efficiency as definite as any other field of engineering.

THE professional looks upon the task of providing stable financial support as a department of effort auxiliary to the main purpose of building a program and operating it effectively. Banker control considers the raising of money to be the crucial task. It can depend upon the social workers, chiefly womenfolk, to do a devoted job; and seldom realizes that the job these professional workers do is the real reason why the Chest exists.

The fundamental difficulty with banker control is that it is not thinking welfare program; it is dwelling upon the old idea of a gift to charity, making the gift itself more important than the social need toward which it is contributed.

When social work falls under unwonted strains, as in the present overload of unemployment, differences of opinion due to divergent backgrounds in these two groups come quickly to the fore. The important contentions at the present time range themselves one side or the other of four particular issues.

First, shall group and leisure-time activities be retired for the time, in favor of material relief?

Second, shall all enterprises except for this classification be treated alike and cut pro rata where cutting has to be done?

Third, shall the people engaged in the tasks of social work receive cuts in pay because employes in industry are being cut?

And fourth, shall taxes be resorted to for relief, or shall voluntary giving carry the whole load?

So widely divergent are the points of view that many Chest boards are pondering the question of thoroughgoing reorganization of their enterprise, eliminating those character-building agencies that have received most opposition from the general public in comments at drive time, and taking on others that have interfered from the outside with the smooth working of campaign machinery. Although the peak of the social-work strain, due to the present depression, is not yet reached, there are signs already that much damage may be done to the movement toward coordination of social-work enterprises into a rational program, through a failure of the banker-control group on the one hand, and the professional group on the other, to carry on harmoniously together.

If we look at these four lines of cleavage in some detail, we shall find that the first of them simmers down to the old contest between remedy and prevention. In times of distress, the citizen who reserves his brains for business and his emotions for welfare work is apt to be stampeded by popular feeling into a demand for material aid to the unemployed—let all else wait. The Y.M.C.A., the Scouts, the neighborhood settlement, the playground association, are all well enough when times are flush. But when times are hard, there is never enough to go around; consequently, let the character-building agencies wait. The professional worker argues that times of unemployment present an intensified need for agencies that organize leisure time and seek to head off social trouble. The citizen for his part is thinking of charitable alms as the only welfare work that is ever truly needful. The professional, by contrast, is thinking of relief work only as necessary repairs, while preventative services make up the main effort of the program.

The second issue, that all agencies receiving appropriations from the Chest must be assisted or cut pro rata, appeals to the busy business man on Chest committees as offering no contention at all. Of course, agencies must be treated alike. He means that justice is no respecter of persons, and grants no special privilege; but what he says is that all budgets must rest on the same basis of need and should receive the same advantage in dollars and no more. The professional and the more experienced members of budget committees contend that all should be treated with the same degree of justice; but this very rule will inevitably result in less to one budget and more to another. It is a problem of the relative need for the service. For which reason, say they, pro rata cuts are themselves unjust.

In the third difference, the financial-control group contends that social-work salaries should come down just as all other salaries have had to come down. The professional group resist this in so far as it calls for flat rate-cutting. Their contention is that the problem of pay is one of worth of the service. If salaries are too high for the value of the service rendered, then they should come down regardless of the state of business. Social work, say they, is at its peak when business is prostrate and distress widespread. They point to the overload that has been carried by social workers all through the present depression. They deplore a step that would remove the service from its present qualitative loyalty to a quantitative basis in which only the day's work would be done for the reduced pay. They are disposed also to remind the financier that he cuts the pay of his industrial workers, not because they are overpaid but rather because he has them at his mercy.

FINALLY, in the fourth encounter, all other points of difference appear to concentrate in one bitterness. Shall relief be rendered out of taxes? The financiers who control the Community Chests in the United States are, most of them, thorough haters of governmental interference with business. They know that every addition to the tax levy means an increase in their burden, since it is they who have the property that can be taxed. Consequently they cry out against "the dole" and set about to reduce the demand for contributions to relief only. They search for new sources of contributions and find a veritable gold mine in their power to force working people to contribute one per cent, or a comparable portion of their yearly pay, to the Chest. The professional group believes that government itself should underwrite the relief of want, and that private contributions should supplement and support all coordinating services in the welfare program. They are not afraid of public appropriations for such well established functions as the relief of persons and fam- (*Continued on page* 158)

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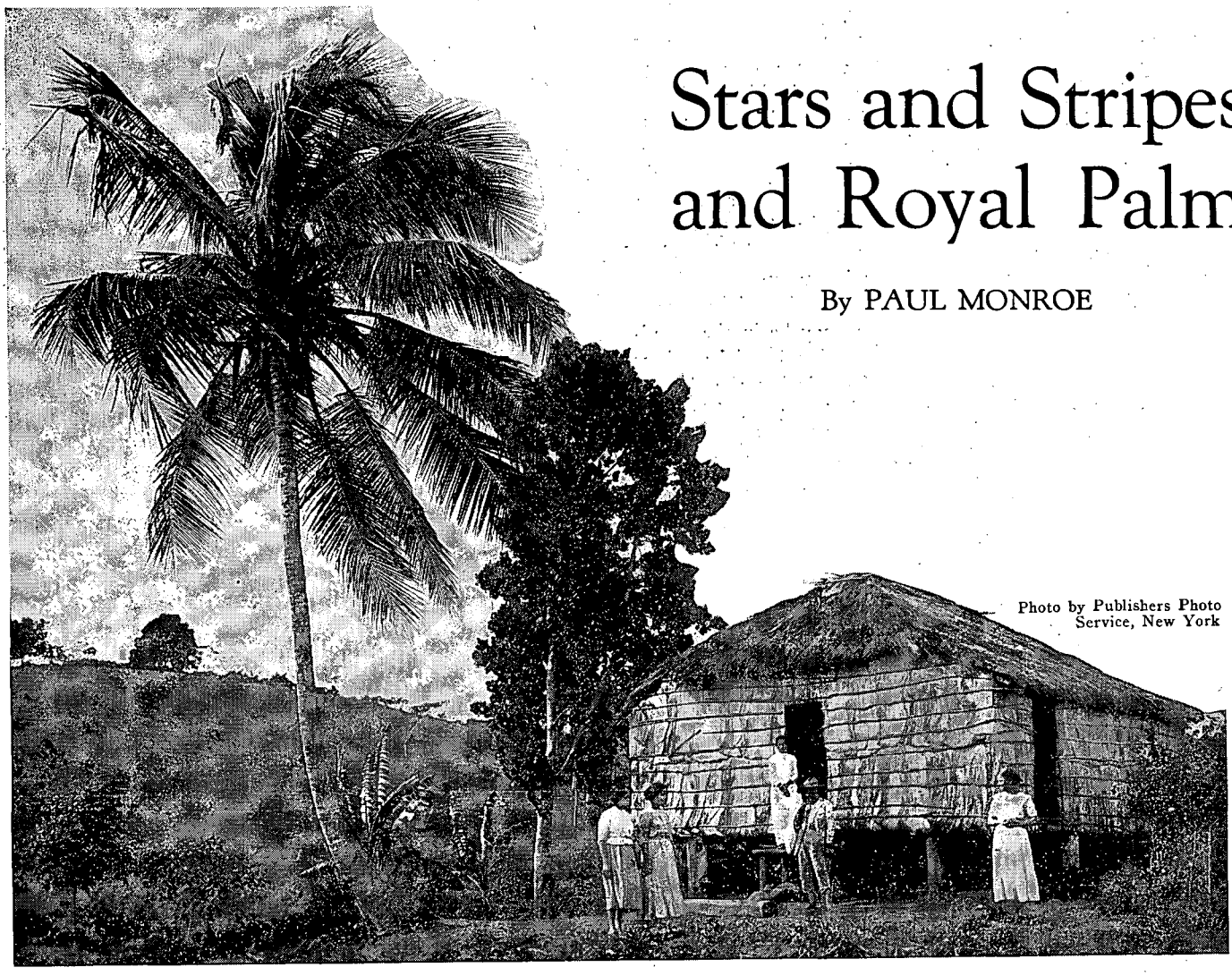
Stars and Stripes and Royal Palm

By PAUL MONROE



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WHEN Christopher Columbus landed in Porto Rico during one of his later voyages, he gave the name of San Juan (Saint John the Baptist) to the Island, and the name of Porto Rico (Rich Port) to the beautiful port which he discovered on the north shore. Later voyagers interchanged the names so that subsequent generations have known the island as Porto Rico and the port as San Juan. However our own generation has come to think of the Island in terms of a diet popularized by the patron saint rather than by one for which the port was christened. In other words, the present-day problems of the Island center primarily around the question of food supply and the related problems which grow out of it: undernourishment, overpopulation, agriculture, industry, commerce, education, politics.

For many generations the Island has failed to produce its own food supply. The staple diet of rice, beans, codfish has always been imported. This situation grew up out of the triangular trade of colonial days when our Puritan ancestors engaged in the profitable business of importing molasses from the West Indies to make rum, to export it to Africa in trade for slaves to bring back to the West Indies, to trade for more molasses and bring to the continent to make more rum and so on. Though this trade has long been extinct, the Island devotes itself primarily to raising crops, especially sugar, tobacco, coffee, which are for the most part exported and to a large extent controlled by alien landlords. Few of the laboring population raise any of their food but depend wholly upon imports. One result is a vast amount of undernourishment, especially of the children.

Campaigns during the last few years, particularly the last year, have made this situation fairly well known in continental America. Response has been gratifying and substantial help has been extended. Among the school children, more than ninety thousand meals have been served each day at a cost of about three and one half cents per meal of which the children pay on the average one cent. These meals have been distributed in several hundred schools and there have been a consider-

Porto Rico grows food—but in the form of world crops like sugar and coffee, and imports its own meager diet. To an existing overpopulation it has added by a continuing high birthrate and a newly declining deathrate. Theodore Roosevelt did more than any other governor to uncover the facts and to encourage a new kind of school which may result in a new kind of Porto Rican, and when he left for his post in the Philippines, his successor, James R. Beverley, who was appointed after this article was written, took up the Island's problems with understanding and vigor.

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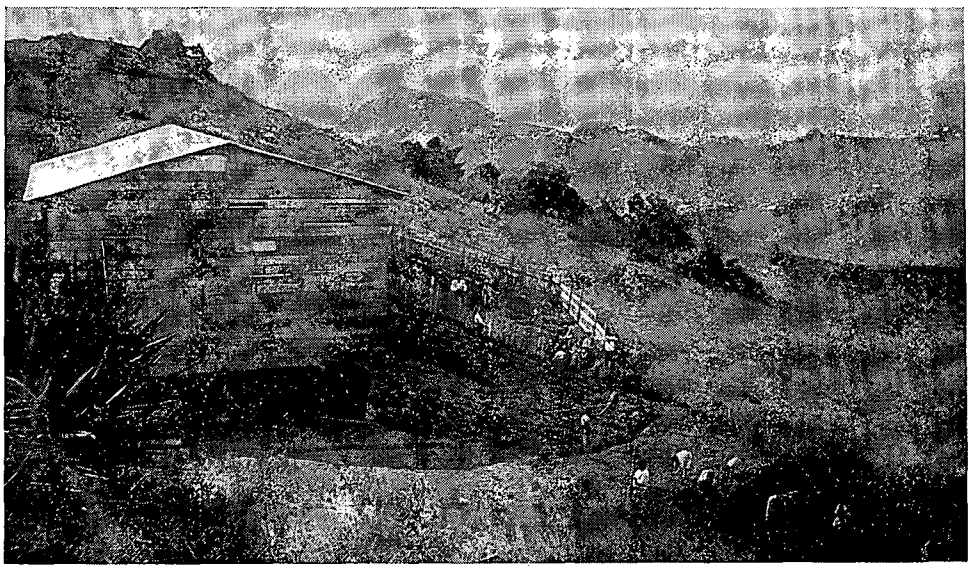
able number of milk-distributing centers for children of pre-school age. The really constructive effort along these lines has been to develop an interest in raising vegetables and various types of small domestic animals. Through the rural schools both a knowledge of how to do this and the facilities with which to carry out the information have been furnished to a large proportion of the population. Of one particular type of school which has done this most effectively we will speak later.



Children learning to raise vegetables in the Cejas rural school, Comerio, Porto Rico

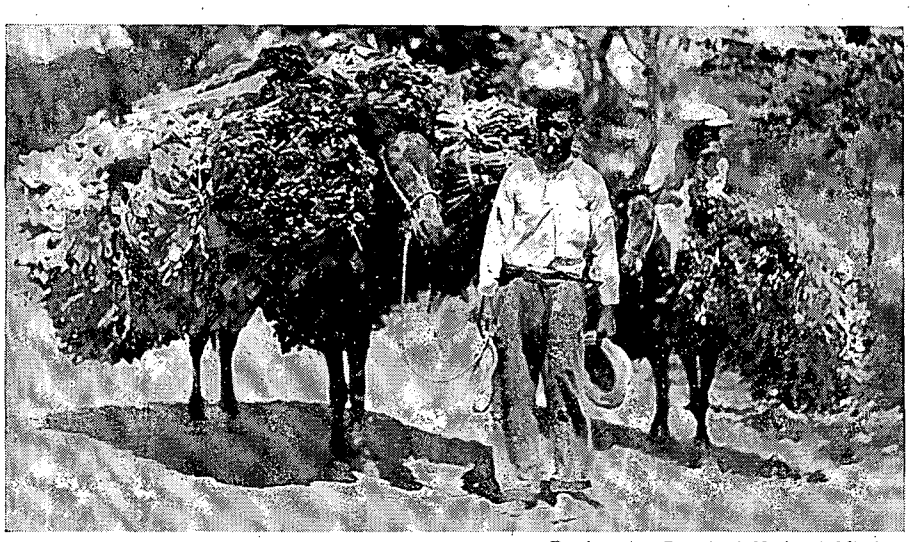
With a healthful climate and a fertile soil, yet with 60 per cent of the population unemployed for all or a considerable part of the time, with 60 per cent of the children undernourished and a large percentage of adults not much better off—that is or was the condition of Porto Rico. Because the conditions this year are somewhat better, the deathrate was 18.6 per cent; the year earlier it was 25.3 per cent, but in continental United States it is 12 per cent. The infant mortality rate was 126, down from 161; but in continental United States it is 67.

Yet as one visits the Island and rides over its fine asphalt roads, one does not see much misery. The climate is so mild that little clothing is necessary. The soil is so fertile and fruit so abundant that the minimum food requirements seem to be easily met. Houses of the poorer people are so simple and inexpensive as to give shelter without much effort. There really does not exist in the environment any great incentive to put forth increased efforts for the fundamental needs of food, clothing and shelter. On the other hand, with the vast amount of undernourishment and lack of the ordinary comforts of life, there is not nearly as much actual suffering or deprivation as would be expected.

Another important factor in improving conditions has been the diversification of diet through the introduction of a wide variety of vegetables to supplement the traditional beans and codfish. The schools and school gardens have been the chief instrumentality here. The recent wide development of vegetable and now of animal cultivation in the rural schools is rapidly changing the situation for the better. And now the change in the balance of trade amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars is attributed to the decreased importation of these major articles of food.

Better health conditions also reveal themselves in the health statistics, but these efforts backed by outside aid must be continued if the conditions are not to deteriorate again to their former low level. In a short time the school will be able to hold the ground again, but only 225,000 of the 500,000 children of the Island between six and seventeen years of age are in school. This does not mean that only 40 per cent receive schooling, but it does mean that the schooling which they receive averages much less than four years.

Overpopulation has always existed. It was recognized at the beginning of the American occupation thirty-two years ago when the population was estimated at about 600,000. Now it is estimated at 1,600,000: the ordinary Malthusian checks do not work in Porto Rico. There is widespread disease, but no pestilence. There is undernourishment, but no famine. The population is under-vitalized, but it continues to increase. In themselves the health program, the feeding program, even economic betterment programs do not mitigate the evil of overpopulation. They only work to increase this difficulty. However, the only way out is through these means to others that may be more effective. It is my opinion that this check is only to be found in putting all of these means to improvement in the hands of people who may profit by them. When increased health, increased quantity and diversity of food, better living conditions are put within the reach of people, when they strive intelligently to reach them, then the effort to attain higher standards of living in itself serves as a check on population.



Presbyterian Board of National Missions

On the way to market—rural rapid transit

It is interesting to note some of the plans now being advocated to bring this about. Obviously the first improvement is to come through agriculture. Here there are two main problems, land-

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Photo by E. W. Newman for Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.

holding and major practical agriculture. As the chief articles of food have been imported, the major agriculture has been world crops—sugar, coffee, tobacco. Coffee in the hills where wooded, tobacco in the hills where clear, sugar in the lowlands. American commercial interests have acquired control of sugar and tobacco and have brought in a new major industry in citrus fruits. The same sort of situation that developed in Palestine between Jew and Arab develops here in Porto Rico between the old possessor and the new American corporation. Land has been held at a conventional value. The new commercial possibility, especially of sugar, gave it a new value. This was realized by the newcomer but not by the old holder. The latter, who parted with his inherited holdings at what seemed enormous profits, now finds that the newcomer holds all the lands on which he becomes merely a laborer. The hurricane of 1928 prostrated the one remaining small-farm crop, coffee. Various means have been taken to rehabilitate the small landholders and especially to settle them on farms. A home-study commission has settled more than one thousand families on farms which eventually they will own. During the past year the depression in sugar has enabled the commission to purchase a number of tracts which eventually will take in many more families. A farm-loan fund helps to check the tendency to migrate to the towns.

Photo by Publishers Photo Service

Young Americans. Native children of Porto Rico

A campaign for the introduction of vegetable-raising is under way, partly as a crop for export to the States, partly as a means of checking the unfavorable balance of trade, but most of all as a means of extending the diet. As a source of food this tendency has grown into a very popular movement. Municipal market-places have helped a prominent sales agency which will take surplus vegetables and fruits and sell on commission; but above all is the influence of the schools with their school gardens in developing home use for these new types of food.

There has come into existence a new type of rural school, called "second units," of which there are now thirty-nine. These have plots of from three to forty acres each, and in many instances raise commercial crops which bring in a substantial return. All have extensive vegetable gardens, for the most part cultivated in plots of considerable size by groups rather than by individual children. Each school has a teacher of agriculture, of industry, of domestic arts. Each has a social worker who devotes herself to phases of adult education. These "second unit" schools give much attention to animal husbandry; chickens, pigs, Belgian hares, pigeons and goats are raised. The increase of the animals is sold to the children or to the community and in addition the children carry on various animal projects at home. Even though the first five of these schools were established only four years ago, there is now a noticeable increase in the quality as well as in the quantity of domestic animals.

This new unit school is one of the great social inventions, comparing favorably with any modern efforts in the States or elsewhere. So popular has it become that in the last session of the legislature six hundred special bills were offered by members to establish such schools in their own districts. As sufficient funds were not available the bills were all vetoed, but as far as funds allow, the traditional rural school will be replaced by new units.

This new type of rural school bids fair to contribute more to the solution of Porto Rico's problems than anything that has before been devised. Through it the general desire for a better life is created throughout the rural population,

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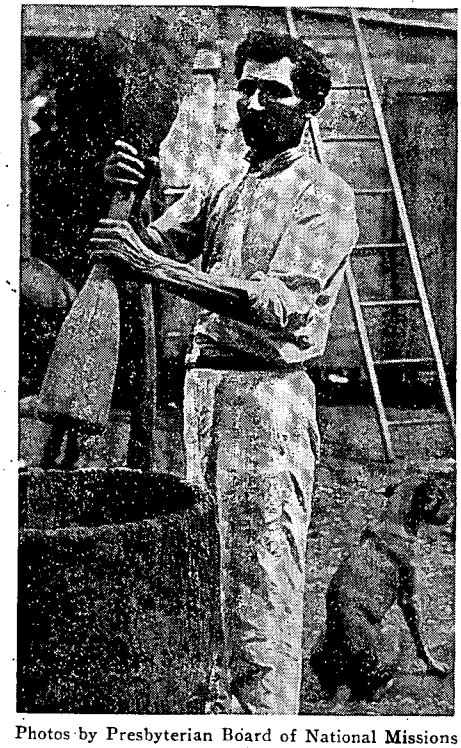
which hitherto has remained almost stagnant, so that there becomes operative the only force which in my judgment will check increase of population, namely, the desire for a higher quality of life. This, indeed, then becomes the major work of education which after all has as its primary function tc improve life.

The last and all-consuming problem of Porto Rico, always existing and never solved, is that of politics, since politics on the Island is always of a much more personal nature than in continental United States. And the politician seems completely oblivious of the results of his action on the welfare of the people as a whole.

It is quite generally conceded by all that Theodore Roosevelt made an exceptionally good governor. He did more than any previous governor to arouse interest among the people of the States in conditions in Porto Rico. He uncovered facts in Porto Rico that have hitherto been concealed from the general view. He visited all parts of the Island and all classes of people more intimately than did any of his predecessors. He is said to have been better informed on conditions than any other official in the government, or indeed in the Islands. Since this paragraph was written the governor has resigned and the press accounts credit him with only two things done for Porto Rico, namely, that he has brought public attention to the Islands through his insistence on the need of financial help to meet the undernourishment problem; and that as a result of this he actually has secured such help; but a more discriminating estimate of his influence is that given above.



Photos by Presbyterian Board of National Missions

Types of Porto Ricans: Left, a hat maker; right, a coffee pounder; above, students

As a result of his uncovering of long-standing, concealed evils there has been a change in the financial status of the government: one persistent evil was the general deferment in paying taxes by the larger property-holders, particularly the sugar interests, by custom long established, delayed or even commuted in favor of the larger taxpayer. As the penalty for deferment of payment was only 6 per cent interest and the banks charged 12 per cent, even delay was advantageous; but after delay, as the treasury usually compromised in order to secure payment when it was greatly needed, the large taxpayer frequently escaped. The result is that in this period of world depression the Island finds itself with a balanced budget and a surplus on hand, and in fact with no increase of taxes.

Evidences of the aroused interest of continental America in insular America is not simply the charitable fund raised to succor the undernourished children, there is the extension of the Smith-Hughes bill, of the Smith-Lever bill providing aid in agricultural extension and in vocational education. There is the subsidy of one million dollars to road-building. There is the aid in one of the best civil service laws to be found anywhere; the work of experts in taxation, in pension regulations, in health service, and in a variety of other lines. Practically every department of the federal government at Washington has extended assistance of some character. All of this was unprecedented before Governor Roosevelt's time.

While Porto Ricans recognize that they owe much of this to Governor Roosevelt, yet during his administration there has developed the most rancorous political agitation, which undoubtedly had some influence in leading to his resignation. The most sinister part of it has been the great increase in the Nationalista, favoring or demanding separation from the United States. Previously this agitation had almost died out. Its acid-like revival has been led by a Negro of great ability. A certain amount of his personal experience, no doubt, explains his present irascible attitude. He is a graduate of Harvard University who attended an officers' training camp and won his commission. Assigned to a colored regiment, he resigned in great dudgeon and returned to Porto Rico. There the two regiments being recruited were organized on the color line and again he was assigned to the colored regiment. Now racial prejudice has practically never existed to any extent in Porto Rico. There are now, for example, one thousand Negro teachers in the public schools.

But racial animosities have been culitvated during these last few years and the growing nationalist sentiment is largely based on this antagonism. Nor does it stop with political antagonism. It has stirred up insurrection among the students in the university and the pupils in the public schools. Last September, without any warning, on the anniversary of the day on which (*Continued on page* 157)

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Footloose Families

By G. ELEANOR KIMBLE

IT is a good old English idea that the poor should stay at home. Indeed one of the first laws relating to the poor provided that no laboring man should move away from the parish where he was born, and incidentally also that he should never ask for higher wages. The occasion for this Statute of Labourers of 1351 was the Black Death, which had halved the population of England in a single year and made the surviving laborers so much in demand that the upper classes themselves put revolutionary ideas in their heads by offering them a few pennies more than they had before received if they would move to a neighboring parish where there were no workers left to bring in the crops. Historians need not tell us that the poor did not obey this law if they could help it. Serfdom was over, but free independent laborers were free not only to seek work from whom they would but to starve if no work offered.

The wandering unemployed are no new phenomenon. If a man can not find work at home he is not likely to stay there and starve. The Henries and Elizabeth in their Poor Laws, while providing that the aged and impotent poor should be helped in the parishes where they belonged and there only, put even more emphasis on punishing the rogues and valiant beggars, or as we should now say, the unemployed, who wandered about the country. A man, or a woman either, if unemployed, even a disabled person if he was found in a parish where he had not been born, could be "whipped until he was bloody," or he might be branded with an R so all the world would know he was a rogue, or for a third offense he might be declared a felon, which meant that he would be put to death "without benefit of clergy" so that his punishment for not having work would be eternal damnation.

But the stubborn poor continued to wander. In fact, even in the good old days when most law-abiding folk died in the parishes where they had been born without even venturing out to see the world, it seems there were some persons who did not know where they belonged. In 1646 an "Inns of Court gentleman who afterwards became a highway robber" printed a pamphlet called Stanley's Remedy: or, the Way How to Reform Wandering Beggars, Thieves, Highway Robbers and Pickpockets, in which he pointed out that while "the statute commands that the vagrants should repair to the places where they were born, or last dwelled: there are thousands of these people, that the place of birth is utterly unknown and they had never any abiding place in their lives or ever remained in service; but were and are vagrants by descent." The Webbs in their book on the Old Poor Law have pointed out that under the English settlement laws passed between 1381 and 1641 "the entire body of the manual wage-earners of the kingdom, together with their families, were, so to speak, legally immobilized in the parishes to which they 'belonged'."

Since the early colonists in America had all left their old homes to seek new fortunes elsewhere, they might have been expected to have more advanced ideas, but as Robert W. Kelso so well shows us in Public Poor Relief in Massachusetts, 1620-1920, the old laws were copied in the new world. The colonies and later the new states merely varied these laws so that nearly every state has a somewhat different law granting the right of settlement, that is the right to receive public aid if in need, only to persons who have lived ten years in the state as in Rhode Island, seven years as in New Hampshire, or five, four, three or one year in other states. Within a state it may be necessary to have lived three months within a county or town before public relief can be given.

IN Old England each person who knew his place of birth had some settlement for there was one law for the country, but in America, by moving out of a state where the recognized settlement is one year into a state where three or more years are required, one becomes, if dependent, like the man without a country—quite without the right to public help anywhere. If he manages to be self-supporting for thirteen months in the second state and then desperately needs help he can appeal in vain to the authorities in the new state who still count him as a stranger, while in the state where he lived earlier he has lost all rights by being away too long.

The legal residence of minors also complicates matters. Thus officials in a western state in 1931 refused to allow a man with a wife and child to be returned to it after he had become dependent in another state where he had been only a few days because five years earlier his mother had moved to a third state and since he was under twenty-one it was ruled that his residence followed that of his mother. It was granted that he had not seen her in that time, in fact he had been born in the first state and had never been out of it before, and he had certainly been residing there and considered as an adult during the last year for he had spent most of that time in the state penitentiary.

A boy of nineteen became stranded in Wisconsin. He had been wandering about the country for two years but before that he had always lived in Michigan. That state would not claim him because (*Continued on page* 161)

Homeless men are familiar enough whether they be hoboes at the bottom or the seasonally unemployed at the top of the transient scale. But last year and this the highways are filled with flivver-families which have no homes—pathetic wanderers seeking work, having no legal residence where they may claim public relief, sick, sore, hopeless. Have we nothing better to offer them than guards at state lines enforcing modern equivalents of Edward the Third's Statute of Labourers?

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That Cost of Living

By MARY ROSS

AS a topic of popular (and sometimes unpopular) conversation, the cost of living holds its own against all comers. When pay-checks are shrinking, are the bills dwindling in proportion? Tea-table and smoking-car commentators seem to divide into two camps—the optimists who enjoy broadcasting the news of some extraordinary cheapness they have recently encountered, and the pessimists who feel that all in all, at the end of the year, even though the family income held up its end through 1931, its buying power showed little discernible improvement.

In terms of averages, the optimists are supported by the weighted indices prepared by the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics and the National Industrial Conference Board. Between June 1930 and June 1931 the Bureau found that there had been a drop of a little less than 10 per cent in the living costs of a workingman's family. This varied in different cities from as much as 12.7 per cent for Detroit to 5.6 per cent in Kansas City, the only place studied where the decrease was less than 8 per cent. In a just-published report, The Cost of Living in 1931, the National Industrial Conference Board finds that while in 1930 the average cost of living for wage-earning families was only 3.8 per cent below that for 1929, in 1931 as a whole it averaged 9.9 per cent lower than in 1930. Such figures, of course, must be read in the light of available facts on incomes of this group of families. The Bureau of Labor Statistics finds that while living costs were declining by less than 10 per cent, manufacturers' payrolls decreased by 25.7 per cent. This decrease in payrolls reflects not only wage-cuts, but also the unemployment of many workers who found themselves with little or no income with which to enjoy the increased purchasing power of the dollar. Between December 1925 and June 1931 wage-earning families enjoyed a decline in all of 15.5 per cent in the cost of living, the Bureau computes, while manufacturers' payrolls fell off by 38.5 percent.

From the point of view of an individual family, indices such as these are only a slight comfort. It is of merely academic interest to know that rents in general went down 5.1 per cent between June 1930 and June 1931 if one is tied up with a long-term lease based on earlier levels, or is making payments on a house contracted for in boom days, or finds that one can take advantage of lower rents only by assuming moving costs, purchase of new rugs and curtains to fit other rooms, and so on, which would wipe out the first couple of years' saving at one crack. What is true for the country as a whole is true in varying degrees, perhaps hardly at all, under the special conditions of various actual communities. Moreover these indices, based on the cost of living for a workingman's family—a scant minimum to support a hypothetical standard of "health and decency"—do not include many items which may seem necessities to families of other economic classes or indeed to individual families of the class whose expenditures they aim to measure.

Facts on the actual expenditures of families at different income levels are conspicuously lacking. In two articles later republished as a pamphlet (The Need for a New Survey of Family Budgets and Buying Habits, Metropolitan Life Insurance Press, 1931) Louis I. Dublin, statistician, and William A. Berridge, economist of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, point out that changes in buying habits—such as the widening use of radios and automobiles, for example, or the shift from cotton stockings to silk—make it likely that many of the accepted indices of living costs do not measure what people actually buy. This chance of error is greatly increased as one considers incomes where there is some leeway for choice in expenditures, incomes above the level at which the primary needs of shelter, food and clothing take practically all there is.

For professional families probably no study made in this country has been as thorough and consistent as that carried on by the Heller Committee for Research in Social Economics of the University of California. This is based not on an effort to show how families of this sort *might* or *should* spend their money, but—after inquiry as to the ways of actual families—on an estimate of the way professional families in that part of the country *do* spend it, influenced by "custom, conventions, fashion and, in even greater degree than by any rationale of spending, the temptations of the shops."

SINCE 1927 annual estimates have been made of the kinds and quantities and cost of things such a family buys in the San Francisco Bay region. The family chosen as representative consists of a husband and wife, "nearer forty than thirty," a boy of eleven and a girl of five. Some spending habits in that region are influenced by conditions which are not applicable to other parts of the country. The famous climate, for example, reduces the winter fuel bill and the ice bill or its equivalent; makes it unnecessary to have special clothing for summer and winter, and makes equally unnecessary the family trip away from home in hot seasons. Real estate conditions have made it difficult to rent a modern house, while easy terms of purchase put home ownership within reach of families with moderate incomes. Domestic helpers are scarce; wages of full-time helpers are high and part-time service is more generally used. Good roads and open winters have made the custom of owning an automobile so universal that it has come to be considered among the necessaries.

At the outset the Committee defined the distinctive features of the standard of living which they were trying to measure as:

ownership of a modern house in a "good" neighborhood; food that is designedly nourishing but which includes certain expenditures due to elaboration of menu and of service; the husband's lunches taken away from home; some help in the administration of the household, but no full-time resident service; a contribution to the Community Chest more or less fixed because the Community Chest now represents a quasi-tax; an automobile, a vacation, occasional patronage of com-

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mercial amusements, some formal hospitality. The standard adopted excludes the possibility of expensive clothing, membership in exclusive clubs, extensive entertainment, or private schooling for the children.

This standard was interpreted in itemized lists in the greatest detail, specifying clothing, for example, garment by garment in terms not only of its cost but the number of years it was expected to last, and carrying the reckoning down to such items as face powder and razor blades.

What has been happening to the cost of living of such a family in prosperity and deflation?

In 1927, the Committee computed, their budget was $6500. For the next two years it mounted: in 1928, $6789, and in 1929, $6883. Since the onset of the depression it has been going down. For 1930 the estimate was $6471; for 1931, $6085. During 1931, the Committee believes, the cost of living for such a family in such a place went down by 5.9 per cent; since the peak properity of 1929, the decline has been 11.6 per cent. These decreases are considerably less, in terms of percentages, than the corresponding figures computed by the Committee for living costs of families at the wage-earning and clerical levels. Using a similar basis for reckoning, and assuming in each instance an additional child, aged two, the Committee finds that the drop in 1931 for both groups was about 10.5 per cent, an estimate not dissimilar to those of the National Industrial Conference Board and the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the country in general. Since 1929, the Committee believes, the cost of living for wage-earning families in that region has declined by 15.7 per cent; for families of clerical workers, by 16.8 per cent. In the budgeting of lower incomes, food and clothing costs represent a larger proportion of the total than for the professional families, and these are the items for which retail prices have dropped most markedly.

The middle-class accounting, as the Committee sees it, is summed up in this tabulation for the past four years. Among major items, savings and investments (including insurance), medical care, and automobiles (not including an allowance for replacement or depreciation) run along at about the same levels, while the main fluctuations come in food, clothing and the cost of home ownership, including amortization, listed as housing:

ITEMS	1928	1929	1930	1931
Food	$1028.04	$1073.04	$ 978.24	$ 891.12
Meals at home	878.04	923.04	828.24	741.12
Husband's lunches	150.00	150.00	150.00	150.00
Clothing	893.53	950.42	819.84	672.19
Man	244.82	255.33	238.42	194.64
Wife	433.17	487.86	394.43	320.73
Boy 11	112.58	105.94	96.35	79.42
Girl 5	102.96	101.29	90.64	77.40
Housing	1572.70	1571.55	1499.15	1380.94
House Operation	1046.15	1043.00	942.98	923.84
Light, heat, and fuel	197.82	199.05	180.12	192.00
Replacements	307.47	307.47	256.32	229.15
Other items	540.86	536.48	506.54	502.69
Miscellaneous	2248.85	2245.61	2231.76	2217.27
Savings and investments	620.00	620.00	620.00	620.00
Medical care	275.00	275.00	275.00	275.00
Recreation and social entertainment	338.00	335.00	320.80	314.88
Automobile	409.83	409.77	410.07	416.27
Carfare	40.00	40.00	40.00	40.00
Other	566.02	565.84	565.89	551.12
Total	$6789.27	$6883.62	$6471.97	$6085.36

During the period under study there has been a shift in some of the items included. In the tables worked out for 1927 it was assumed, for example, that such a family would purchase a house and lot valued at $13,000 with a mortgage of $6500, amortizing the remainder over ten years. In 1931 "housing" presupposes a house and lot valued at $9700, on which there is a down payment of $1000, leaving the remainder to be paid off over the ten years. At the outset replacement of household furnishings was based on the supposition that the original cost was $5000; in 1931, that cost is taken as $4055. An amusing sidelight on social custom appears in "cosmetics." In 1927 it was assumed that the wife bought each year two jars of cleansing cream, a box of face powder, one compact and a refill, and two cans of talcum powder. In 1931 a box of rouge and a lipstick also appear on the list! One is led to wonder at the basis of the cost of haircuts in the San Francisco Bay region. In 1927 they were estimated at the rate of 65 cents apiece for the husband, 75 cents for the wife and 50 cents for the children. But by 1931 the cost of living in this particular is deemed to have gone down so that male haircuts appear at the rate of 60 cents; female, at 61 cents; and juvenile at 48 cents!

These haircuts, together with tobacco, social entertainment, the upkeep of the car, doctors' bills, a modest number of theater, concert and movie tickets, $96 of music lessons for the children and so on, are included in the category of "miscellaneous," where also are lumped savings and insurance. "Miscellaneous" is by far the largest division of the budget—36.4 per cent of the total—and the part by which professional people are likely to measure their zest in living. Between 1927 and 1931 it declined only $31—from $2248 to $2217.

NEEDLESS to say, probably no one particular family could be found even in that region and in the class considered by the Committee whose 1931 expenditures showed a neat reduction along just the lines believed to have been true for the group. In fact there could have been none, for the hypothetical family considered by the Committee of necessity remains static year after year, while in real life those children aged eleven and five in 1927 had grown to fifteen and nine by 1931. This inevitable fact may explain why in actuality one observes only intermittently the diminished costs to which statistics point. Particularly for professional people who are looking ahead to increased costs for the continued education of their children, the income which does not rise year by year is actually shrinking. In such a social setting costs of clothing, allowances and the like also are higher for older than for younger children. The Committee's budget allows only $360 a year for cash savings, after the insurance is paid, for this family with young children in public schools, an amount which gives little leeway for progressively expensive children, let alone the emergencies, such as serious illness, which may hit any family. It is assumed that the costs of higher education or professional education and savings for the parents' old age will be made after the house has been paid for. Within four years, at the rate supposed, this would not have been accomplished. These factors point to the reason why middle-class families all over the country seem to find less benefit from declining costs of living than a first glance at the figures might suggest. When salaries at best are static, middle-class families find themselves in the position of Alice in Wonderland—in takes all their running (in the terms of lowered costs) to keep even with the demands that come with the inevitable passing of time.

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Davenport

By FREDERIC E. GREENE

Wood-block by Maud Grant-Ford

WHEN Davenport came, dropping himself heavily into a chair at my desk, he caught me in a mood of appreciation. He held me there. I realize now that he epitomized the whole group that passed through our office daily from Central Registration at South Ferry—that great sifting process founded by the friends of these men, where a city tries to restore to them the vestiges of a rapidly disappearing personality. What was true of Davenport and for him would apply with equal value to the rest.

I could see him, refined, educated, used to better things, fading away into the murk of a Bowery night, to reappear again at Central Registration in that shuffling line, creeping along in the chill shadows, almost indistinguishable in the gloom from soaks, scavengers, wharf-rats, hoboes—the vermin of a vast city. He was there, defiant, weary, aloof, rubbing elbows with those who constantly drift in to lose themselves in an underworld where they can easily be forgotten, who buy "smoke" in the cellar dives around the Bowery, sleep on the floor of the dive and perhaps another day are carried up the river for burial in the potter's field.

It was this public merging with the underworld that was for Davenport the final mark of his degradation. It was also the process that sent him to us. In the eyes of Central Registration he was different. They caught a personality.

That first impression—his coolness, almost a detachment, was an admirable bit of stage practice. He presented the figure of an adventurer. His whole make-up somehow made me feel out of place. He might have leaned coolly across my desk and said, "Why in the devil are you here? Who sent you over to me?" And I could have replied honestly, "A turn of fate, my friend. A mere chance breeze. Yes, you might be me. I might be you."

I saw the incongruity of our relationship. I wonder now if perhaps he saw it too. That grim comedy. I had a job, money in my pocket, friends, a place to sleep. He was jobless, penniless, homeless, friendless; but, in the presence of a universe or an epoch of time, there was no essential difference between us.

He had physique. He was almost statuesque. His trim hands rested lightly in a careless clasp on my desk. There was a turn to his coat collar—smartness, sufficiency, "front," as they call it—all that and something more. His neck-scarf was folded over loosely in that style one sees on Broadway at Forty-fifth. His dark curly hair framed a face modeled with strength and mystery. He spoke briefly and concisely with pauses in his narrative—pauses so full of meaning that I waited with eagerness till he should speak again.

His eyes caught me—the brilliance of their lights, the intensity of their shadows, the sensitive eager waiting in them, a patience that smote my impatience. Even in the fullness of his youth he carried about in the hollow sockets of his eyes the story of his exile. I knew that story well. I had heard it too often in the years of our Lord and the bankers' depression 1931-32.

HE seemed to take refuge again in silence, and while I rummaged in my desk drawer for food- and lodging-blanks, he dropped his head on his outspread arms.

"You are exhausted," I said.

The crumpled shoulders rose. He searched my eyes for understanding—no, not for sympathy as you might expect—just understanding.

"It's riding the subway trains—three straight nights of it. I ought to stand it. I can get along without food. That isn't so bad. But not sleep."

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Understanding? No, I could not understand that particular experience. I had not been through it. I could have said, "Well, you're a fool for not going to the Municipal Lodging House," but I did not. Something told me this man had a valid reason for acting as he had. It was not criticism, nor analysis, nor interferences, nor implications, nor deductions that he needed then. It was someone who would take him for what he was—an ablebodied normal man out of work, someone who could listen, who could look on in respectful silence, who could recreate a world for him minus those thrustings that had nullified his own efforts, until he had lurched away from one thrust only to fall into the path of another. He needed a world in which he could relax.

AND that carried for me an obligation. He could not be free, unless I could somehow pass along to him the sense of a place in which a man's personal choice still had effect. He had been thrust out of that world. So I chose to ask no questions except those that might fan his pride into the glow. I must lead him from that stockade of self-defense which he had built with his own hands. I must make him feel that without a weapon of defense he could still be safe.

The next day when his needs for food and sleep were satisfied, he returned to spread his record before me—a good home, parents living but unable to help him, four years of highschool, a year at Purdue, three years a salesman, two years as a timekeeper and property-man for a road-building firm in Cuba, ability to speak and write Spanish fluently. He apologized for a year as porter in a New York theater. "Not much of a job—but it was work, hard, disagreeable, long hours, floors to wash, toilets—I did everything they asked me to do."

There was a finality in his voice that left me without a protest. References? Yes, I noted them in my journal. He went on to explain the next episode, but it was never finished. He went back to pick up the tale at another point. He wanted to talk—to let events slip from the storehouse of memory just as they would. I had only to listen, to try to understand, to set the details in order, to sense his reactions.

THOSE events I can set down now as they occurred—the loss of work, immediate search for more, the spending of savings, the dwindling of hope, the begging of small loans and favors from friends who were briefly interested or not at all, furtive visits to the pawnshop where a trifle was secured for an overcoat or a suitcase, the beginnings of shabbiness, the increase of fear, hunger, a night on the streets or in the subway. There was that night he had slept in Central Park under the gleam of the Plaza and other castles against the zenith. He told it like an adventure, robbed it of its solemnity. We laughed together. Somehow, it must be kept an adventure.

That Davenport could pass through this experience and still recover his courage and poise was a miracle. But there was something he had lost. It was a quality of judgment, of insight, of detachment that makes a man resent the social order that thrusts him into the street, that makes him question the whole system under which we live or fail to live, that leaves him unwanted, to suffer from unemployment-shock.

In a sense he was left without "fighting guts," and I am still wondering what part of this experience it is that made him just one of the driven herd. It is, I believe, Jim Tully who says in Shanty Irish, that in the great famine in Ireland, men and women suffered a kind of living death through starvation. It left a mark on their souls that was never erased. Old sea captains can tell you that sea men who have once been starved are never the same again. Around Davenport's eyes were the sure marks of prolonged hunger. I wondered if time could remove from the soul of Davenport and of his generation the mark of his punishment.

He went on eagerly. Now, of course he would take any kind of work. He hoped, yes, he hoped he might later study art.

I tried to cover my startled feelings. Why should he mention art in a crisis like this? Such audacity! Such arrogance of spirit! Such defiance of all dark and bitter gods! We watched the passing crowd.

He knew and I knew how many of that driven throng were out of work. I could have laughed at him had I not sensed the beauty and dignity of something eternal in his attitude. He seemed to be suddenly in command, and I was there to listen. We talked over all the possibilities. It was as though he had never been out of a job, never alone, never hungry. After he had gone I knew that I had seen a human soul in one of its great moments. I had seen the conquest of fear.

He came back frequently. I questioned him about the food and lodgings we had provided. Beefsteak John's? It was okay. Plenty to eat for fifteen cents and the food was well cooked. The bed at O.T.I. on East 23 was all right. No crocodiles yet and plenty of hot water.

HE became one of my many men whose call was a moment of pleasure. He amazed me by his activity and persistence, his "front." He had been to the Waldorf-Astoria, the Barclay, the Lexington, the Marguery—places he would never before have dreamed of visiting for a job. Folks were very kind. Would he come back later? I mentioned the employment offices on Sixth Avenue but I did not urge him to cover them. I came to know that we had restored his self-confidence, and when I learned that I knew we had done the utmost. He would find his own way. If he had not, there were clues for him to follow elsewhere. The bits of information he and the other men had brought in about work, about the jobs that require single men, the agencies who place single men were growing into a sizable fund. There were good jobs and in our ante-room were good men, picked men, for those jobs. We had service to give for service, not favors to ask. But Davenport found his own job.

He came in to tell me how it all had happened. The tip from a fellow-lodger at O.T.I. His speed in covering, the way he had talked to them. They had hired him on the spot and set him to work right then. He would go on again at six. It wasn't much of a job—three-fifty a day with a company delivering packages, but he could save something.

There were other men for whom jobs had been found through employment agencies. I do not discount the use of such machinery. It is useful and inevitable in a complex society. But I cannot escape the tonic worth of a man's finding his own job. The cost to us had been little. I had never questioned a statement, consulted a reference, telephoned, written a letter, nor in any way "investigated," which would have put me on the same plane with the rest of the community that would "cast this man off." I had merely listened. I was audience—the audience we all must have. Perhaps he had lied to me. He could not have lied about anything essential. The rest did not matter.

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The City as the New Mode

By CHARLES BOUCK WHITE

THE greatest revival in two thousand years is at hand—the rediscovery of city-hall as the pivot of the world. A return to the classic pattern. Folk in our day think of city as a way of life opposed to the rural. But in the classic age, city was a rural district come to coronation. Athens, Rome, Jerusalem—every city of that Mediterranean world was a local metropolis, tied with her villages and the fields. To that bundle of life, city was the name they gave. They held that no one but the farmer can save city-hall, and nothing but city-hall can save the farmer.

Writing in Harper's recently, Aldous Huxley said, "The trouble with America is, she never knew the Middle Ages." The most penetrating remark I have encountered in recent years. Those Middle Ages—the Gothic era—were municipal. Therefore it was an age of civilization: *civitas,* Latin word for city, whence we get civic and civilized. The Gothic cathedrals, town-halls and hospitals that tourists girdle the globe to visit, date from that municipal period; their attempt to body forth local pride, communal emulation.

The great eras have always been those when city-hall was the channel of communication between the people and the world outside. For then their will walked forth in massive formation. Eras of liberty. Freedom is the right of a city to think her own thoughts, live her own life and work out an undictated destiny. But the right of an individual to think his own thoughts is anarchy. Today plentiful energies are going forth unto peace on earth. But they go forth as individuals. Therefore their goings forth are puny. In the Gothic era the people made the city their spokesman and envoy of conciliation. The Hanseatic League of towns kept the peace of Europe for two hundred years. In North Italy the cities federated into the Tuscan and Lombard leagues, with scepter and majesty and dominion. So towering was the civilization they created, Shakespeare and Browning resorted thither to get a tapestry of life woven of high colors. Except the municipal civilization of Athens, probably Florence in the thirteenth century was the loftiest pinnacle that the human race has thus far reached.

The cities of Europe stand ready once more to organize the world if American cities will meet them in the business. Not long ago in Leipzig I lectured on municipal civilization, one of the talks being in the university there. At one of these lectures the lord mayor of Leipzig was present. His interest was awakened. Influential citizens grouped themselves. And the lord mayor wrote a public letter to the mayor of Chicago, asking if the time had come for a world league of cities. The Berlin correspondent of The Chicago Daily News cabled that letter in full to his journal. In Amsterdam the Rotary Club invited me to address them on this matter. Then, day after day, the newspapers of that city played it up. And prominent citizens pushed it upon the notice of their city-hall. Foremost among them was Kohnstamm, of the University of Amsterdam and one of the leading publicists of Holland. Monsieur du Mosch was of the number, vice-president of the chamber of commerce; whilst the organizing head was Ariens Kappers, of consular rank and head of a great exporting house. The acting mayor of Amsterdam (not the lord mayor, who is appointed by the Queen and is for display purposes) said to me: "I am so interested in this thing of a World Municipal Federation that I will tour America in its behalf if the way can be opened." The visit last summer of American mayors, as guests of European cities, was largely the result of his activities. I refer to Wibaut of Amsterdam; notable among men.

I know that Steffens in his autobiography reveals an abysmal corruption in our cities. But those dark facts notwithstanding, there is more practical idealism in city-hall than you shall find elsewhere in the length and breadth of America. And I am writing this in Albany, please you to notice. This is the only town I have ever known where each householder has to hire a conveyance on his own to cart away ashes and refuse. And the reason is openly voiced by the residents: the itching palms are so itchy, if a department to collect rubbish were formed it would be one more plum of public plunder. Nonetheless I say it orotundly: Despite its hundred imperfections, Lord God feels more at home in city-hall than anywhere else in Albany.

MUNICIPALITY is body politic touched with tenderness. The other day a policeman came into my studio: "May I use your telephone?" I nodded. Then I overheard: "Give me police headquarters. . . . I want the sergeant's desk. . . . Hello, sergeant. This is Connolley; out on the beat. There's a kitten has climbed up a tree here and hasn't got the brains to find its way down again. It's been up there two days now. . . . Yes, Chestnut Street, just above Swan. . . . All right."

"How will they get the kitten down?" I asked.

"Oh, they'll send the fire department."

"Gee," said I, "that must be a valuable kitten. Probably an angora. Worth a tidy ten dollars at the very least."

He snorted: "Tidy ten dollars! The nit-wit up there in that tree isn't worth ten cents. Why, they give 'em away. You can get a basket of them, free gratis for nothing."

Said I: "But how come then, that you-alls are so interested? It costs money for police headquarters to get into motion; and the fire department. Would they go to those pains, for a no-account worthless kitten?"

He looked at me: "Now see here, you can't figure expense in a case like this."

The League of Nations is trying to tie the human race together by their pursestrings. But the league of cities will tie the human race by their heartstrings.

Government touched with tenderness is God. Every age of faith was an age of localism. And whenever localism has been given up to try some other way, faith has been overflooded in the muddy waters of scepticism. Jerusalem-and-her-villages had about the (*Continued on page* 168)

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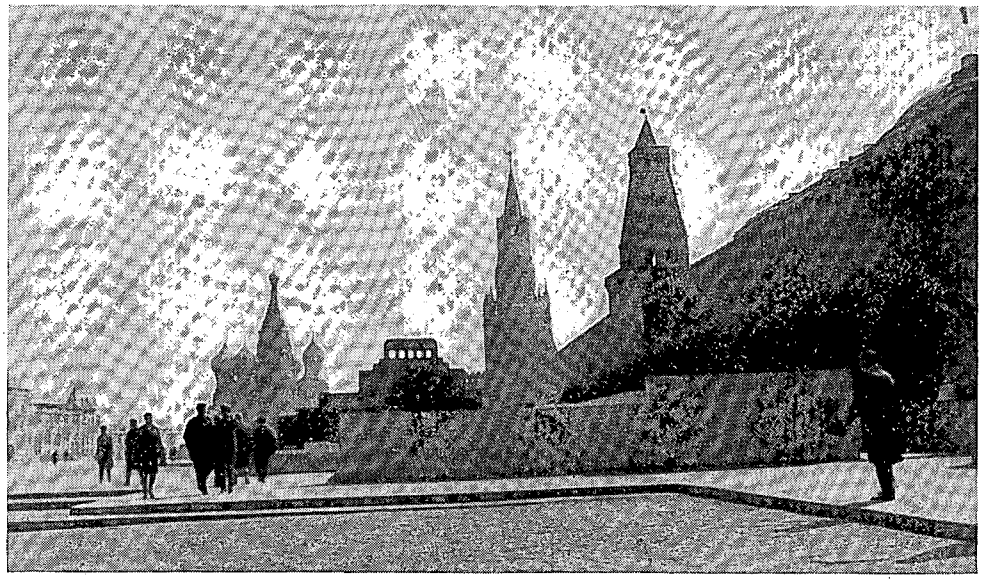

History that began in 1917. Red Square and Lenin's tomb at dawn

The Significance of Dictatorship

Russia and Italy Through the Eyes of an American Psychiatrist

By FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, M.D.

GRANTED that Italy under Mussolini is a cleaner, more orderly, more efficient country than before and that the people as a whole are happier and healthier—is this the significance of the dictatorship?

Granted that out of social chaos the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia has brought an amazing degree of order, has raised to a surprising degree the standard of living for the masses of the people and has changed the state from one of medievalism to a modern industrial state—are these the significant things of the dictatorship?

Does dictatorship begin and end in the belly? Is it entirely a matter of economics? Has it any other significance? Is the significance of all dictatorship the same? At least, is it the same in the case of Italy and Russia?

In the matter of present results Russia and Italy offer many similarities—orderliness, the obvious step-up in morale of the people generally, the same enthusiasms and loyalties (in Italy, however, for a leader, in Russia for an idea), an array of "model" institutions, schools, houses, factories. One is soon aware, however, of striking differences and these seem fraught with most important implications for mental hygiene. The differences begin with the type of dictatorship.

Italy's dictatorship is of the kind the world has always known—a powerful man who rules, but with the difference, perhaps, that he ostensibly rules for all, checking the aggression of the so-called capitalist on the one hand and the aggression of so-called labor on the other. Orders, however, are unmistakably from the top. The thinking is done at the top. Individual security is offered provided the individual obeys orders and loyally supports the leader.

Russia's dictatorship is of a quite different kind. There is, indeed, strong authority at the top. But the orders that are enforced from the top have in very large part come up from below. There is a continuous effort to pass responsibility to the group. An extraordinary amount of thinking is done by the mass as a whole. It is not so much a question of following a leader or leaders. Leaders are forever saying, "Here is a set of principles; think out your problems in the light of them; gather data, discuss, plan. If you do not know how to read, if you have too little information, if you do not know how to make a plan, learn; go to those in the community who can teach you." The difference is somewhat that between an old-fashioned school ruled by a stern schoolmaster with a rod and a modern "progressive" school.

IN Italy the "system" remains the same except that the more serious aggressions are held in check by a strong hand; there is no essential change in social ideology, in the psychology of the people: no new psychological outlets, no fundamental redirection of energy. In Russia the "system" has been rooted out; a completely new realistic ideology has replaced the old ideology of superstition, morality and romance; new outlets have been provided for old psychological needs; the direction of energy has been changed.

It is, of course, quite impossible in a brief article to discuss all or any considerable number of the differences from the point of view of mental hygiene of these two dictatorships. Perhaps one can get to the heart of the matter by discussing one difference, but one which has ramifications in

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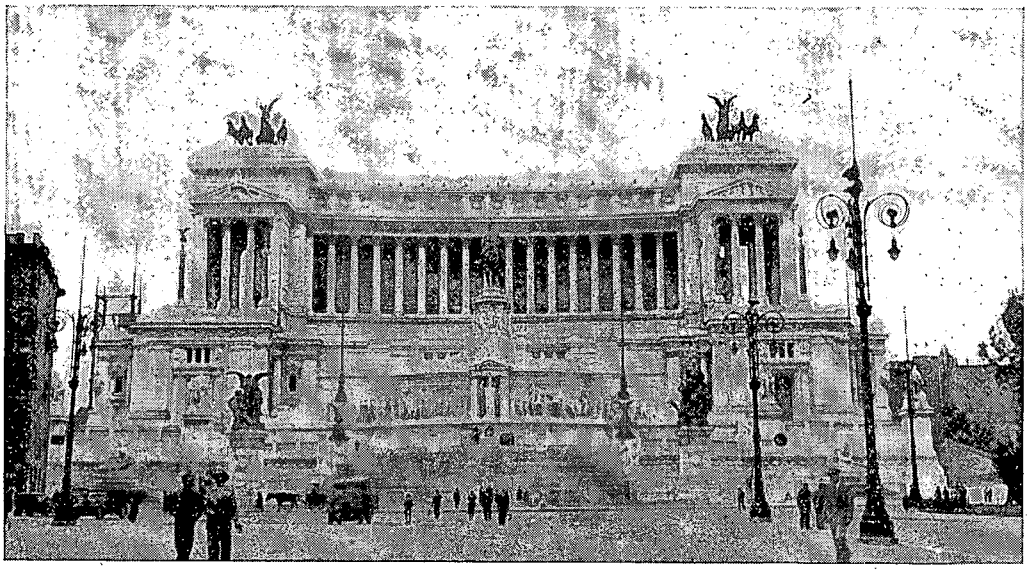
all directions—the place of women.

In Russia a women is a human being. In Italy she remains a special creation with a very specialized function. In Russia there is developing an actual equality of women with men. Officially such equality exists; actually it exists in large and growing part. There is no differentiation of work—men's work and women's work. Work is work and is to be done by whoever likes to do it and can do it best. *Every* woman works, but not on a double shift—one shift in the office, factory, school, laboratory, library, wherenot—and another after returning home. If she works outside the home the work in the home is done for her—not for *her,* which implies a special responsibility, but for the family. It is not a *favor* done her; it is her right. She has worked as many hours as the husband and if there are dribbles of work left over from the general care it is the husband's responsibility as much as the wife's and he can do his share with no loss of dignity. He has no dignity in this sense, to begin with. A woman is economically dependent upon no man. She is dependent upon no man's favors or good-will. She enters into life as a self-respecting, assured person because nothing can happen to her that will endanger her except such things as may happen to all men.

In Italy there exists no equality between men and women. Women are "superior" to men. Men honor them and are polite, gallant and romantic. But women are dependent upon men's favor and good-will.

Above, the Temple of Castor and Pollux; top, St. Peter's and the Vatican portico; below, the Victor Emmanuel monument of unified modern Italy



A woman has one chief function—child-bearing. She must marry or she does not fulfill her function. At whatever damage to the integrity of her own personality she must marry the man provided for her or she must find this husband; if necessary, develop a technique to ensnare him. Although she knows perfectly well how the marriage was made, she must assume that it was sacredly made and that it is indissoluble. Married, she is entirely dependent for her own life and the life of her children upon the man. Anxiety, fear enter at the wedding feast with guilt only around the corner to enter as she finds that she is not able to maintain at all times loving, even loyal, thoughts of her husband. Such security as she may have had within herself becomes undermined and the only security she has is in the Good Father who has promised, not to relieve her of her burdens, but to reward her if she carries them patiently and well; the Virgin Mary who will intercede for her, and various of the saints who have a particular solicitude for mothers.

For she will soon become a mother, as it is her special function and God's will. The use of contraceptives would be a grievous sin; an abortion, possible only at the hands of a criminal, would endanger not only her life but her very soul. She (not necessarily her husband) will

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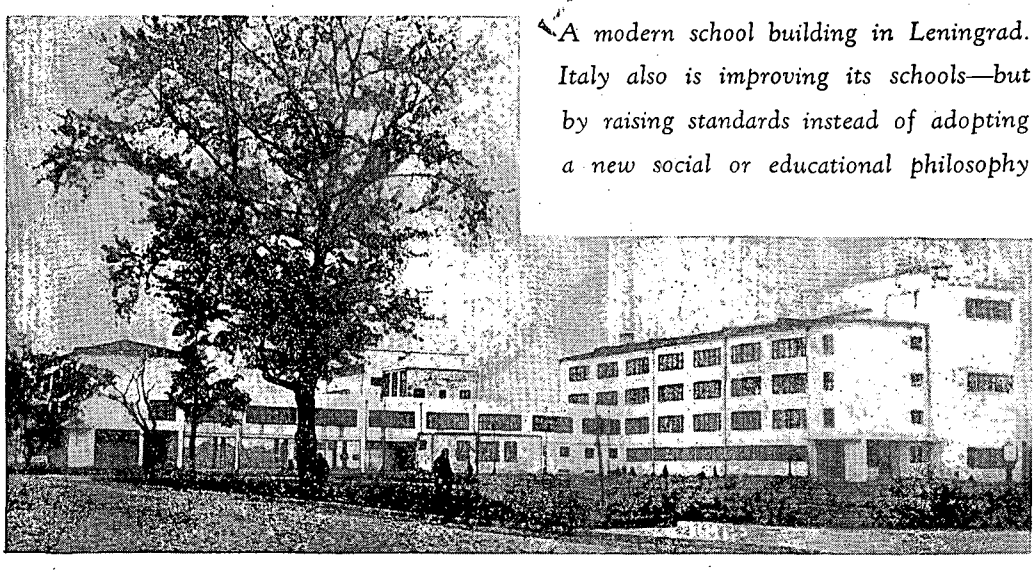
suffer the frustrations of continence or she will be a mother many, many times. If she can repeat the process a sufficient number of times she will win a prize. The hygienic implications here as to what all this means in the psychological development of the woman are too obvious to warrant discussion. At no time from earliest childhood to adolescence, from adolescence through womanhood, from womanhood to death can she be self-reliant, can she be honest, think her own thoughts, recognize her own desires. Always there must be denial, dissimulation, dishonesty—all destructive of psychological integrity—or heavy penalties in guilts, anxiety and fear—equally destructive. No change in this degradation of women in the name of duty and beauty has been made by the dictatorship. The emotional and spiritual (not in the sense of church) development of children, broods of them, rests in the hands of those whose chief outlet for distorted emotions those children must themselves be. A culture-bed for future aggression could not be better prepared if it were under glass.

In Russia an economically free, self-respecting woman joins her life with an equally economically free and self-respecting man. They do so of their own free will. It is a joint enterprise entered into for mutual content, happiness and the rearing of a family. They are "in love." They enjoy being in love. But they are not overburdened with illusions in regard to "love." They have probably been in love before and they have probably consummated such love experiences. Being in love is a beautiful experience but they do not hold it sacred; the romanticism may not long endure; they are prepared for its going, knowing that as they continue to grow other values may take its place. Knowing all this they enter into their relationship without fear or anxiety, hoping that it will mean continued growth and development for both of them but knowing, too, that if it doesn't it can easily be dissolved. If the marriage does not bring mutual satisfaction and growth then it not only serves no purpose but becomes destructive. It will be dissolved by mutual consent, or if bitterness has ensued one will ask for a divorce and it will be granted for the asking. The question as to why a divorce is desired will not even be raised. It is enough that it is desired. If there are children, provision will be made for their care until they are eighteen years of age.

The marriage and divorce bureau are in the same room. In fact marriages are registered and divorces granted at the same table by the same person, a young woman whom we would regard as a social worker. On the table are two books, one for marriages, one for divorces. Perhaps the first applicant is a young man who asks for a divorce. It is granted as soon as certain data as to name, age, and the like can be recorded. No reasons are asked for. The young man is followed by a series of healthy, obviously happy young men and women, the girls about eighteen, the boys twenty, desiring to be married. This is accomplished, too, in the time that it takes to record certain data. Then a young woman applies for a divorce. And so it goes throughout the day, dignified but pleasant, none of the hushed quiet of sanctity, nothing of the heavy hand of fate, no tragedy or dramatics, no ribaldry. Amusement at times as when the clerk picks up the wrong book or, as on one occasion, toward the end of a morning, a tragicomedy from an old stage. A gaunt, distressed-looking woman rushing into the room began to shout excitedly as soon as she had crossed the threshold of the door, "I want a divorce! I want a divorce! I'm fifty years old, my husband is sixty-five. He drinks all the time and won't leave other women alone." She seemed to feel that she must fight for what she wanted, defend and justify herself, prove her assertions—all of which would have been true at one time—so that it was difficult for the clerk to quiet her sufficiently to get the few statistical items that she wanted. And the constant emphasis upon the difference in ages and the fact that the husband was "not satisfied with one woman" showed the confusion in her own mind as indeed there was in her effort to pass from the medievalism of her youth to the life of today. A chapter from an old book!

IN the ordinary course of events there will be children in the home. But the children will come as wanted. Contraceptive knowledge is available, birth control is encouraged. In the wheat regions where for ages women have been little more than brood mares and not valued as highly, girls married early and gave birth to children regularly. With only ignorance and superstition to guide them the infant deathrate was appalling. With the gradual gathering of the young people of these regions into the collective farms where instruction is given to both girls and boys in sexual hygiene and infant care both the birthrate and the infant deathrate have fallen tremendously.

Upon becoming pregnant the wife will continue to work, if she is able to do so, but with regular attendance at a pre-natal clinic, until within a month of her confinement. For this month she will remain at home but without any loss of pay. Following her confinement she will remain at home for yet another month, her one duty now being the care of the baby, and again there will be no loss in pay. At the end of the month she will return to her work, taking with her her baby which she will leave, if she works in a factory, in the factory nursery. Every three hours during the day she will



A modern school building in Leningrad. Italy also is improving its schools—but by raising standards instead of adopting a new social or educational philosophy

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be given a half-hour off, without loss of pay, when she will go to the nursery, put on a sterilized gown and have a quiet half-hour nursing her baby. At the end of the day she will collect the baby and return home.

"But surely not all women want to work in factories or offices," I insisted to my Russian companion. "Aren't there any 'domestic' women, as we would call them, in Russia—women who want to devote themselves to the care of their children and their homes?"

"Of course there are," replied my companion, the mother of a recently married daughter and an eighteen-year-old boy. "But it is absurd for a woman to devote her entire time to one child or to two or three. If she wants to devote herself to children she can go to the trouble of really learning something about them and then she can take care of a dozen or more. There are many of these women and they are in the nurseries and other places where trained people care for children."

These Moscow schoolboys asked Dr. Williams what American boys think of international conditions and other surprising questions

If a conception takes place that is not desired, the woman will go to a hospital for an abortion. It is her right. She is pregnant and does not wish to be. There are no other questions except as to whether this is her first pregnancy. If so, an attempt will be made to persuade her on biological grounds not to have the abortion. If she insists, then it must be done. There is only one thing she may not do—that is, go to an "abortionist." But of course that is not necessary and there are no "abortionists" as the abortion can be obtained at the hospital. In former days death from abortion in the sophisticated cities was very high; today it has fallen to almost nothing.

Will the couples we saw starting on their way at the marriage bureau remain "true" to each other? We must ask this question because the matter seems so important in our world. In Russia the question seems very silly, even impertinent. Who knows? Who should be concerned about the matter? It is a matter that concerns only the persons involved. They may settle it between themselves as they choose, but in deciding it the last thought in anybody's mind will be of "sin." The woman may not prostitute herself nor the man make a rake of himself, for such conduct on the part of either of them would work an injury to the group. Aside from that all such decisions rest with them.

Instead of an elaborate code of morals difficult to understand and acceptable only on the basis of "authority," with confusion worse confounded on learning that the code is not followed generally by the "good" people, thus making necessary the learning of a technique for "getting by," with the conflicts and feelings of guilt that all this carries with it, the code in Russia is very simple, easily understood even at an early age and acceptable. Those things are wrong—because we ourselves have agreed to have it so—that would injure the group. This covers quite simply all essential matters. Matters non-essential except to individuals themselves—often very essential to us in our efforts to regulate other people's lives and somehow make them "moral" according to our way of thinking—are left to the individuals concerned. Dictatorship in Russia carries these things in its train.

And the significance of all this? It means the accomplishment on a mass scale of what can only be accomplished in America by a long and expensive process of psychoanalysis, individual by individual. It means the taking of neuroticism out of sex, the reducing of sex interest to the biological and legitimate psychological need of the individual. It means making sex a constructive element, a satisfying, vitalizing power rather than a tormentative and destructive agent.

All "sex" is not sexual—far from it. Sex is used to express many more needs than sexual needs. Reduced to biological need, with such psychological need as is inherent in it, sex is not a socially formidable problem. It becomes formid-

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able when it is made to do service for a large variety of non-sexual needs; when it is made to serve as a vehicle for working out psychological problems of guilt, inferiority, fear. The strength of the sex "need" is frequently more representative of the psychological than the actual biological need. Non-sexual needs expressed sexually develop as the result of unwarrantedly overly inhibited emotional needs of children by well meaning but uninformed guardians of children. With neuroticism out of sex, not only is energy freed for other interests but by-products such as pornography, perversion and the like drop rapidly to a minimum.

Free of undue sexual preoccupation, their biological sexual needs readily satisfied, the Russian youths, both boys and girls, have energy and interest available for other things. And here we come to another interesting contrast with Italy—the attitude toward work and learning.

ITALY has some excellent schools, excellent as measured by the best "progressive" school standards. These schools, however, are the preoccupation of individuals. They represent no generally accepted social or educational philosophy. They are the tack-hammer blows of zealous, fine people who exhaust themselves, as we do here, in efforts to make things better. The State is interested in raising the standards of the schools, not in changing them essentially, but in improving their efficiency.

As is generally known there has been a serious conflict between the State and the Church as to whom belong the responsibility-privilege of directing the education of the young. Mussolini, for the moment at least, has been forced to compromise. The State will take charge of the secular teaching; but hours are set aside during which the priests, who may not discuss politics, may teach religion. The secular teaching of the State (still in considerable part from textbooks prepared for the former Church schools) is set, therefore, against a background of religious teaching. No matter what the State may teach, the Italian youth will be well informed in regard to the Trinity, the Sacraments, the Virgin Birth, the difference between sin and carnal sin and many other things, including the attitude and laws of the Church in regard to morality in general and sexual morality in particular. Education is a much more complicated and bewildering thing for the Italian child than for the Russian.

The interest of the Italian youth in learning is about the same, it would seem, as for the American. For the average youth, one studies because one is expected to—it is just one of those things. There are vocational schools which are popular and in which there is a considerable degree of enthusiasm. In general the education offered is formal, polite and leads to "culture" but with importance still attached to the saving of one's soul. Work—to be sure, one must work to live. However, with a curb put upon an individual's obtaining too much, individual initiative is a bit stifled—no substitute has been provided—so, as little work as possible for as much as possible and preferably a job with a gay uniform where one may boss. This is not to imply that the Italian youth is lazy or indifferent. It is an attempt to express only what would seem to be his attitude toward learning and work in general. He is capable of the same handsome, appealing enthusiasm for Fascism and Mussolini that the Russian youth has for Communism and Lenin—"See what Fascism has done for the people and what it has done for Italy! Italy is now a world power and nothing can be done without her consent. France—hah!—she's shaking in her shoes. Let her lift a finger—hah!"

It is altogether different in Russia. I doubt if there are many children in Russia who know the difference between sin and carnal sin. But they are keen to know about things and apparently they are keen about it because there is something they want to do with what they are learning. Their education is not directed toward "culture"—except perhaps in the finest sense—not even when they are studying so-called "cultural" subjects. Students apply themselves with energy. They are apparently anxious to get through. Not because school is a bore, far from it, but because they are anxious to get at the things they want to do. As a group in a vocational highschool for mechanics said in answer to my question, "Why not become engineers?": "Many of us would like to. But we are needed right now and we want to get to work. Russia needs mechanics. We can import engineers but we must have mechanics. Some of us will return later and study engineering but now we want to get to work."

And they ask surprising questions. A hundred or more boys and girls of highschool age had gathered about me in the school courtway towards the end of a noon recess, my camera the point of interest. I had been bombarding them with questions and finally said that I would be glad to try to answer any questions they might wish to ask. I cannot remember them all now but here are some:

"What do the boys in America [meaning, I suppose, boys of their own age, sixteen and seventeen] think of George Bernard Shaw's statement in regard to Russia?"

"What do the boys in America think of the conditions in Germany?"

"What do the boys in America think of present international conditions?"

After more of this (to which I fear I had not given very satisfactory answers for they finally ended the series with, "Well what *is* the American boy interested in?") they turned upon me as a physician and inquired:

"What is the per cent of industrial accidents in American factories?" I did not know.

"What is the rate of tuberculosis in the cotton mills in the southern states?" I did not know.

"What is the rate in the northern states?" I did not know that, either.

I found an excuse to get away after the next question, "What happens to an American workman who develops tuberculosis?" for I could answer that with eloquence and take my leave with at least some grace.

THE minds of these boys were directed towards conquering things—mountains with their ore, rivers with their power, or organization. I cannot recall even once in Russia hearing "Russia" emphasized. Communism was emphasized. "We" always meant "We Communists," never "We Russians" in the nationalistic sense of Russia as a people apart. Not only are women human beings but so apparently are Poles, Rumanians and Chinese. Only the Poles, Rumanians and Chinese don't yet know that; they still think they are Poles, Rumanians and Chinese. Poland, Rumania and China, probably now with the new turn in affairs, Japan rather than China, are official enemies but that is a temporary and more or less technical matter. They are not really enemies, it is merely that Poland, Rumania and Japan think they are.

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Of course as long as these countries think they are enemies, the danger is real and Communist Russia must be prepared to protect itself. But these countries, it seems confidently to be believed, will eventually wake up to the fact that they are after all human beings too rather than just Poles and the like and then there will be no trouble.

It seems a curious way to think, perhaps, but there is considerable evidence that they have reasons for thinking so. When one considers the bitter antagonisms between the Czechs, the Slovenes and the Galicians in Czechoslovakia; the similar difficulties in Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia; the hatred engendered in the Southern Tyrol as Italy has tried to incorporate the Austrians into her state, the former hatreds in Alsace-Lorraine, now against Germany, now against France, for the same reason, one sees one side of the picture. As the naive Russian would say, this is because these people are not really aware that they are human beings; they still think they are Slovenes or Galicians or Austrians or Italians with a history that goes back and back for thousands of years and with—and with—and with—. These minorities and majorities treat each other like some husbands and wives, each trying to make the other over into something else—and with about the same success.

In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics there are more than thirty national groups. Many of these are composed of large collections of people settled for years in certain regions. There is surprisingly little difficulty. And for a reason that accounts for so many things in Russia. They just turn things upside down. "Don't 'Russianize' yourselves. Be yourselves. Be human beings with the rest of us but insofar as you are different, cultivate that difference. It is not that we *permit* you to have your own language and customs and the like; we *urge* you to continue these and to develop for the good of us all those qualities which are special to you." And strangely enough it seems to work. And so the Communist is encouraged to believe that perhaps some day it will work equally well in Poland and Rumania and China and Japan—perhaps even in America.

THINGS have been accomplished in Russia and Italy that apparently cannot be accomplished elsewhere and as one observes these things one becomes convinced that they could not have been accomplished except under dictatorship. Is dictatorship, therefore, the answer to present difficulties? If so, why? What has gone wrong with "democracy"?

The growth of individual freedom during the thousands of years of man's climb upward has let loose forces that were not counted upon. Our difficulties are said to be economic. This is a secondary matter. Our difficulties are psychological. It is not that we have been overspending our money allowance but that we have been living beyond our psychological means.

Democracy, with its "freedom," places a premium on the most primitive, infantile, aggressive impulses of the individual and heavy penalties upon socialized impulses. The individual in the church, at the bar, on the press, in the school, at the bedside, on the hoardings, whose aggressive impulses are least socialized—that is, who lives out his personal aggressions directly, like an infant—and who is, therefore, least able to contribute to the art of living, no matter what he may contribute intellectually to the mechanics of living, receives *carte blanche* in the name of "freedom." The individual whose primitive, infantile, aggressive impulses have found a more sublimated outlet and who is therefore in a position to contribute not only to the mechanics but to the art of living as well, is destroyed. A system is created in which men, neither "good" men nor "bad" men but all men, are caught and in which there is adequate outlet for only one part of men's impulses—only the impulses which serve personal ends—"ambition," "success," and the like, in terms of individual aggrandizement. Extreme as the statement may seem, the world is under the mastery of primitives; intelligence, high-sounding titles, dignity do not make the masters less primitive.

FACED with a more immediately critical situation by reason of economic and social collapse in the one instance and threat of collapse in the other, Italy has struck at and Russia has struck down the most aggressive. This could mean one of three things. It could mean merely the exchange of one group of primitive aggressors for another; or it may mean the provision of a breathing-space until other primitives can be trained to take the place of those destroyed —much the same thing in the end; or, could it mean the holding in check of primitive aggression until men can catch up in development and organize a society of individuals whose natural aggressive impulses have not been augmented to a dangerous point by the society in which they have developed and for whose normal aggressive impulses social outlets have been provided?

Dictatorship alone is not enough. Dictatorship may improve economic conditions, but the psychological benefits of a dictatorship that does no more is about the same as the mental-hygiene value of taking a group of children from the city streets for a picnic in the park. To be of more than temporary value dictatorship must strike not only at immediate aggression but at oncoming aggression, and at the human sources of aggression. The Italian dictatorship deals with immediate aggression; it redirects oncoming aggression only in part; it completely ignores the sources of aggression. This is dangerous. The chief outlet for aggression is still other individuals getting something at the expense of someone else. Collectively it means nationalism of the most ominous sort. The Russian dictatorship deals directly with immediate aggression but it redirects oncoming aggression away from individuals and to things—the physical world and its forces, the common enemy of all men. Most important of all in its naturalistic attitude towards human relations, particularly in reference to women, mothers and children, it roots up the culture-beds of aggression. In this direction lies energy freed for constructive work and the possibilities of a safe and sound internationalism.

Aggression is not in itself asocial; it is inherent in a human being; it is the power by which he grows. The significance to others of a bundle of aggression emerging from a uterus will depend upon the handling of that bundle. The bundle goes first into the hands of women. The psychological significance of a dictatorship will depend largely upon what happens to women under it.

The Italian dictatorship is economic and its results are economic. It has no psychological or spiritual values that are significant. Such as there are are secondary, temporary and of little importance, at least for the moment, though there is reason to believe that the square-jawed Mussolini sees beyond what he actually is able to effect. The Russian dictatorship has likewise important economic values, but its greatest and most far-reaching values are psychological and spiritual.

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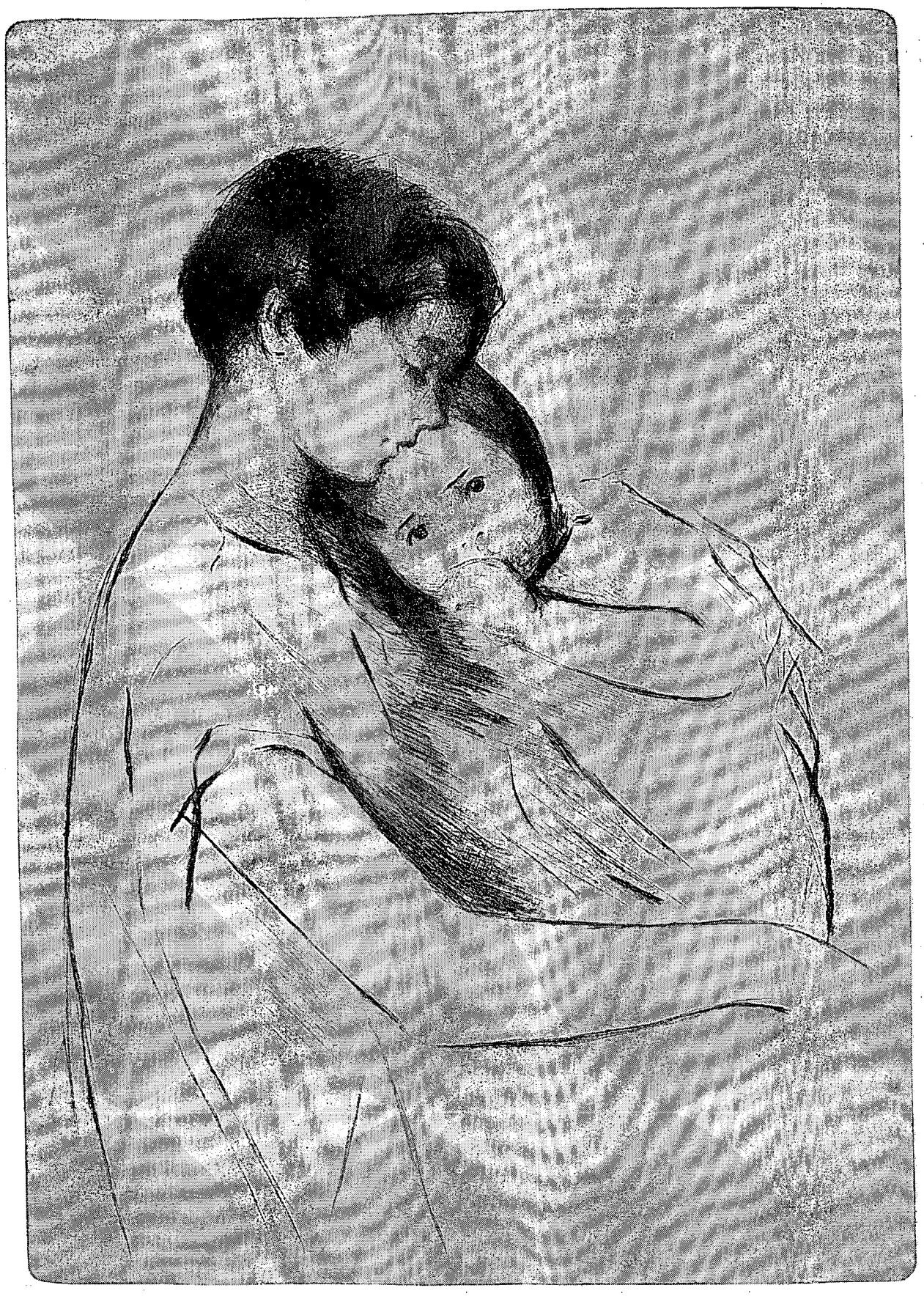

ETCHINGS OF CHILDREN

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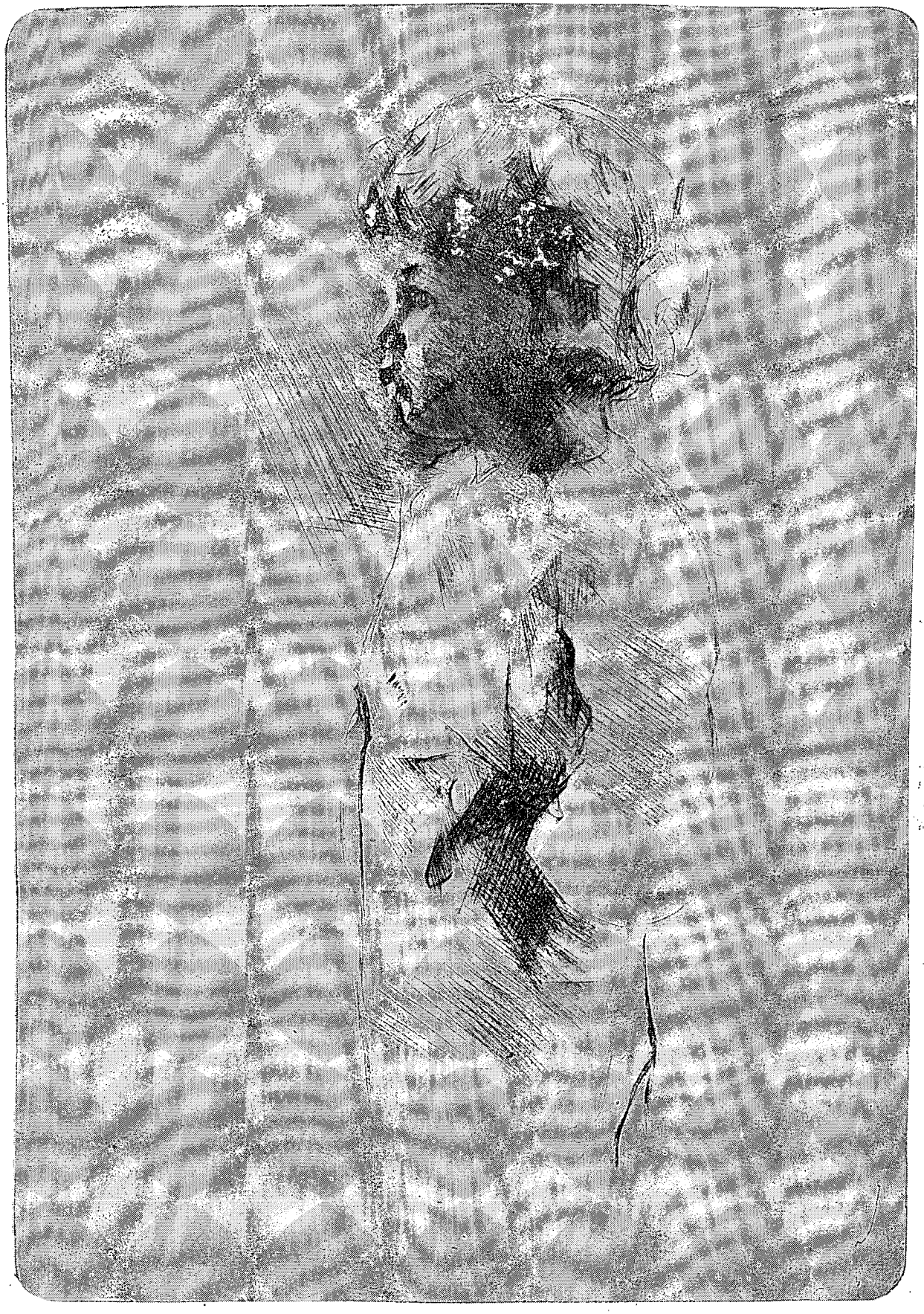

Courtesy Kleemann-Thorman Galleries, New York

By MARGERY RYERSON

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Radium

By KATHERINE SCHAUB

THE United States had just entered the World War. There were great demands for workers in every field of industry. Although I was only fifteen years old at the time of this industrial boom, I went to work.

A factory called the U. S. Radium Corporation, of Orange, N. J., had opened in our neighborhood. A friend of mine told me about the "watch studio" where watch dial numerals and hands were painted with a luminous substance that made them visible in the dark. The work, she explained, was interesting and of far higher type than the usual factory job. She also told me that many of the watches were sent overseas for war use. I was pleased with the idea of a job which would engage me in war work. After serving an apprenticeship of one month as an inspector, I was advanced to the painting department.

The painting department was situated on the top floor of the studio building. The roof was made entirely of glass, which provided plenty of light for the tedious work. Each girl was given a tray containing forty-eight watches, together with a small bottle of luminous material in powder form. The luminous powder was mixed in a small porcelain crucible about twice the size of a thimble, with a sticky paste as an adhesive base. Water was added and the three ingredients were stirred with a small glass rod. A small "double o" brush was used in the process of painting. The method of pointing the brush with the lips was taught us, to give the brush an exceedingly fine point.

All watches painted were given a dark-room inspection. Where the inspection disclosed defective luminosity, the girl who had painted the dials was called into the dark room and reprimanded for her poor work. Here in the room—daylight barred—one could see evidences of the luminous paint everywhere on the worker. There was a dab here and there on her clothes, in the eyebrows, on the face and lips, on her hands. As some of them stood there they fairly shone in the dark.

The use of radiolite watches was greatly popularized during war-time. The illumination of various kinds of ship and aeroplane dials for war use was a real necessity. The girls employed at the radium factory were but a few of the many who through their jobs were "doing their bit."

At home we were quite a large family. After my grandmother's death, my mother invited my grandfather and an orphan grandchild, Irene, who was his ward, to make their home with us. I obtained a position for Irene at the factory. She was one of the young women who later lost her life through employment at the radium plant.

In June, 1921 Irene and I left the employ of the radium company, for the war-time industrial boom had dwindled until the factory was running only on a part-time basis. I found a clerical position at an automobile roller-bearing factory. The girls at the office were a sociable crowd. They had a club which they invited me to join. At that time bridge had not attained its present popularity, and most of the girls embroidered or crocheted, making things for their hope-chests. For some reason I wasn't making anything for my hope-chest, so while the girls worked, I played the piano and sang the songs that were popular in those days.

IN the winter of 1921, six months after Irene left the radium factory, she became ill. Her sickness caused her intense suffering and also completely wiped out her hard-earned savings. But all efforts and expenditures were of no avail. After a most terrible and mysterious illness of a year and a half, in which operations and blood transfusions were tried in vain, Irene died.

The following November I began to have trouble with my teeth. My dentist advised that I have two teeth extracted by the same dentist who had treated Irene. After the teeth were taken out, I continued to go to the dentist for treatment, but failed to get any relief from pain. I kept thinking about Irene, and about the trouble she had had with her jaw. I felt that there was some relationship between Irene's case and mine; I cannot explain just why, but I did.

The next summer I planned to take a long-needed rest. When the time came for my vacation, however, I could not go away. The condition in my jaw was causing me considerable anxiety and I decided to consult a skilled dental surgeon in New York City. Much of my earnings had been going for medical treatment, and I had to use my vacation money for a new set of x-rays.

One autumn day in the office of this New York doctor, Theodor Blum, I met Mrs. Kuser, another former radium

Recent front-page stories told of the death of Eben M. Byers, a wealthy Pittsburgh manufacturer, who was poisoned by a "radium water" tonic. Mr. Byers acted under medical advice. His case recalled the New Jersey factory workers who, under the advice of "the boss," introduced radium into their systems by pointing with their lips the brushes they used in painting luminous watch, ship and airplane dials in war-time. One of these girls has survived by two years the doom of "one year to live," pronounced on her and her fellow-sufferers by medical experts during their suit for damages. We are privileged to publish here parts of several chapters from the book she has written in long months of incurable illness. Her story is a poignant argument for greater safeguards for workers exposed to new chemicals, and for compensation laws, like those already in effect in five states and lately urged in vain before the New York legislature, which cover not limited lists of diseases, but any disability directly due to occupational hazard.

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worker. She was with her mother, who told me that Mrs. Kuser had been having her jaw treated by the doctor for the past six months. The doctor was surprised when he learned that Mrs. Kuser and I had both been employed at a factory where watches were illuminated with a phosphorescent substance. He stated that our symptoms were very similar to those of the phosphorous-poisoning cases of years ago. Although two former radium workers had already died from a very mysterious jaw infection, this doctor was the first to recognize the probability of an industrial hazard in connection with the work at the radium factory.

IT was a very depressing winter. Winter snows, which I had always liked so much, were to me in my condition reminiscent of all that is gloomy and morbid. The massive cold white drifts against the windows made me think of nature in all her cruelty and destruction. Spring came, but I was getting worse instead of better. To be under the care of a skilled physician and yet not show any sign of improvement was most discouraging.

The summer of 1925 found me still grappling with the problem of the cause of my illness, as I had been for a year and a half. I was only twenty-two years old, with youth on my side, and yet no one was able to help me. Financial difficulties stared me in the face. I had stopped at nothing in an effort to regain my lost health, but so far I had failed. I wondered what the outcome would be.

Meanwhile Leonora Young, health officer in Orange where the radium factory was located, had become suspicious when she discovered among her records death certificates of several radium workers who showed like symptoms. The health officer referred the case to Katherine Y. T. Wiley, secretary of the Consumers' League of New Jersey. Miss Wiley began her investigation by calling on the families of the girls who had died and on the dentists who had treated them. She came to our house in the spring of 1924 to ask about Irene's death. Miss Wiley's next step was to call the attention of the State Department of Labor to the facts which she had uncovered. Her findings showed the possibility of the presence of an industrial hazard at the radium factory.

In the midst of my difficulties in the summer of 1925 Miss Wiley again called at our home. This time she was interested in my own case, for she had heard that I had been ill. She asked me if the girls were ever warned not to point the brush with their lips, and whatever made us do such a thing. I gave her a brief but exact account of the method of luminous watch-painting. I told her that of course we were given no warning or intimation of any kind that the work as we did it was dangerous.

Miss Wiley suggested that I consult the county medical examiner for an exact diagnosis. "It must be that I have radium poisoning," I said to my sister. The next day I went to the county medical examiner's office. When the readings of the electroscope were completed, the doctors told me that the expired-air test showed positive radio-activity. I was not as frightened as I thought I would be. At least there was no groping in the dark now.

The county medical examiner's diagnosis furnished perfect legal evidence for a lawsuit. This gave me hope in another direction. Although I might be condemned to permanent disability, perhaps I could claim enough compensation to relieve the family of their already heavy financial burden.

It was more than a year later, after many disappointments, that a firm of lawyers agreed to take the case. Because of the length of time between my employment at the factory and the beginning of my illness, each of the other attorneys to whom I appealed felt that it was hopeless to try to collect damages from the radium company. Finally, on June 15, 1927 I filed suit through my lawyers, Potter and Berry of Newark, against the company. Miss Fryer, another of my fellow-workers, filed suit a month before I did, and soon after three other suits were instigated. The company answered the complaints by setting up the statute of limitations. Mr. Berry then filed a bill in chancery court. The date set for the chancery court hearing was January 12, 1928.

At about the time of my cousin's death, another former radium worker, Amelia Maggio, died from suspicious causes. The doctors for the complainants contended that her death was due to radium necrosis (bone decay) while the doctors for the company claimed that Miss Maggio died from other causes. In order to refute the claims of the defendants, which would be damaging to us, our lawyer advised that Miss Maggio's body be exhumed. Her heirs consented to this. Although Miss Maggio died in June of 1923, in October 1927 the doctors were able to prove by autopsy that radium poisoning had caused her death. Four years after burial, the bones were sent to various medical schools where extensive research studies of the bone tissues were made. A prominent pathologist in an article on radium poisoning explained the process of removing radium in autopsy. This was accomplished, he said, by boiling the bones in a strong solution of some sort of acid. Other than this, there was no way by which the radium could be separated from the bone tissue. Imagine, then, the difficulty of trying to eliminate radium from the human body in life!

The autopsy on Miss Maggio's remains finally resulted in the discovery that she died from radium poisoning, and not from the cause written on the certificate at the time of her death. My cousin Irene's death certificate, too, did not name radium poisoning, but simply jaw necrosis. Another young woman employe of the radium factory, Helen Quinn, died of a mysterious throat infection. And several other employes died of peculiar and similar maladies.

I COULD hardly sleep the night before the January day set for the court hearing, for I had been waiting for ages, it seemed, to see this very day. On the first day, the vice-chancellor heard the testimony of the head of the Labor Department, Miss Young, and Miss Wiley as to the industrial hazard at the radium factory, and also three of the workers, Mrs. Hussman, Mrs. McDonald and Miss Fryer, all of whom had been badly crippled by the effect of radium on bones and tissues. All three workers testified that they had been instructed at the factory to point the brush with the lips in the process of painting. At the end of the day everything was going along splendidly, I thought. Tomorrow there would be another court, and the day after, still another, and so on until the entire case was heard. And then —the court would give its verdict. Then perhaps I could get away from everything and forget. I was awakened from my dreaming by the sound of the vice-chancellor's gavel hitting the desk. The vice-chancellor was speaking. The next court day, he said, would be April 26. I could have given way to tears, but tears would not do any good, I knew. I must summon all the courage I had, and fight against sickness and worry and financial difficulties. April 26 was my

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next goal. I would have to keep in good spirits until then.

April 26 we were again in court. I was the first to be called to the stand. I ascended the steps to the witness stand one by one, for I could no longer bear the weight of my body on my right hip in going up and down stairs. I felt quite strange to be on the stand, more strange than I had anticipated. But I took the oath and answered the lawyers' questions about my employment in the radium factory and about my illness.

That afternoon and the next day the medical witnesses were heard. I thought it would never end, this excruciating, horrible testimony. It had to be done though, had to be told, or else how would we be able to fight for the justice that was due us?

After all our witnesses had been heard the lawyers for the defense said that one of their important witnesses was obliged to leave town, making it impossible to complete the case at that time. The vice-chancellor said that the first day open on the court calendar was September 24. This delay was heartless and inhuman, I felt. In September we would have to listen to the same gruesome tales over and over again. I had been trying hard to dismiss from my mind the dreadful phases of the thing, but who could possibly forget when being repeatedly brought face to face with the horror of it all?

AT this time newspapers were publishing the radium cases far and wide. Letters came pouring in from all corners of the earth, from Australia, China, from England, from Canada, from the Philippine Islands and from every state in the United States. What had once been a hopeless case, unheeded and unnoticed, now flashed before the public. Everywhere people were asking why justice was being denied these five women, who, the doctors said, had but a year to live.

About the end of May a federal judge, William Clark, became interested in the cases and an attempt was made to bring about an agreement between the complainants and the company. A week later we were summoned to the lawyer's office and Mr. Berry explained to us the plan of settlement which the company had outlined. We were to receive ten thousand dollars cash, six hundred dollars a year as long as we were suffering from radium poisoning or any of the effects thereof, and the company was to pay past and future medical expenses. After careful consideration, the other four young women and myself settled according to the terms of the company.

Newspaper reporters immediately asked what we were going to do with the money and the time allotted us to live. There were a great many things one could do. But what was I going to do? Which course that I might choose would contribute most to my happiness? I could find, I knew, no greater happiness than that which would be mine by making the folks happy. Then just as quickly as possible I would go away somewhere and try to forget everything unpleasant in the past years.

I first went with father to his lawyer's office where I gave my father two thousand dollars to lessen the mortgage on our home. I also paid the interest which was due, and the taxes of the year before which at that time remained unpaid. It made me so happy to see father chuckle and laugh when he was relieved of those worries. I also invested five thousand dollars in paid-up building and loan shares, and I was to receive 5 per cent a year on this investment.

Next my fancy turned to clothes. I bought the kind of coat I had always wanted and a tan felt hat to match. At another shop I purchased four silk dresses, a white flannel sport skirt, a rose-colored sweater, two silk blouses, lingerie, stockings, shoes and a purse.

With my mind eased from financial worry, my physical condition somewhat improved. Today was mine. I would live just for the day and let tomorrow take care of itself. I would endeavor to live in such a way as to have no reproach of conscience should I meet with death. At the same time, as the doctors said we had only a year to live, I would deprive myself of nothing that would make me happy, or which would contribute to my physical well being. For a year I would live like Cinderella as the princess at the ball. But what would the end of the year bring? My work at the factory in war-time had put two foreign minerals into the tissues of my body. With mesothorium having a life of twelve years, and radium two thousand years, and with the doctors helpless to check their effects, how much of a chance had I to regain my lost health?

A fashionable girl's school in Middletown, N. Y., was taking guests for the summer. There was to be horseback riding, swimming, tennis and all the other summer sports. What I couldn't take part in I felt I could enjoy by just watching the others.

While at the academy I met a Mrs. L. who was fond of horseback riding and who induced me to go with her. At first I feared that the horse might throw me and cause further damage to my hip. However, when the riding master promised that he would send his man along with us and keep the horse on a lead, I agreed to go. It was great fun, and the exercise kept my limbs from getting more rigid than they already were. I began to walk longer distances than was customary for me. But soon I suffered a strange reaction, and experienced greater difficulty in walking than ever before. Yet in spite of my troubles, I enjoyed myself immensely.

FROM Middletown I went to Wurtsboro. This was real country life. I loved to sit on the porch in the sun and look out over the wide stretches of woodlands and hills. Any reason why, I thought, I shouldn't get well living under such conditions?

I bought a car, which I had been considering for some time. I didn't have much trouble learning to drive, and when I took the test passed the first time, receiving my license immediately. On days when I couldn't drive I used to have one of the boys from the village drive for me. In a small town there isn't much other employment and it is easy to engage a driver at a low rate by the hour. But I did like to drive myself, and whenever possible I did so.

Although I had made a resolution to try to forget the past, I continually saw before me the last years with all their suffering and difficulties. But no one could get well, I knew, carrying the ball and chain of an illness with them. Seeking forgetfulness, my eyes found the hollyhocks in front of the house. How beautiful they are, I thought. I wanted to get well, and see more hollyhocks and rambler roses and peonies and sunshine.

After a year of outdoor life, while I had suffered a relapse and spent many winter weeks in the hospital, I was much better. On June 11, newspapers were again interested in learning the fate of the "radium victims," for the year allotted us to live had passed. Most of the newspapers were kind in their publication of the (*Continued on page* 156)

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John Brown's Burden

By MARGARET GROBBEN

JOHN BROWN, unemployed, has our sympathy and our charity. We know he is enduring untold hardships. We read about him, think about him, are sorry for him, and endure "pioneer meals" for his benefit. All this we do for that John Brown who is helped by our relief funds.

But there are other John Browns out of work. There are families by the thousand who are suffering stoically and silently; who are too proud to ask for charity except when a point of starvation has actually been reached and who in many cases make a successful effort to maintain their independence. To get a glimpse of how these John Browns manage is to inspire one with deep respect for the typically self-reliant American family.

Advantage was taken of the fact that some of these John Browns know that it would take months to pay off all the little bills they had accumulated while without work; and that once they began earning many who trusted them might not understand why others should be paid back first. Some of these creditors might even garnishee the new wages, and thereby bring about discharge from the coveted job.

To avoid such misfortune once he was reemployed, John would borrow money to meet these accumulated bills. Yes, he would know that the banks would not lend to him, for he hadn't the required collateral. If ever he had had that, he parted with it during the months he was without work. He knew of a place where he could borrow if two of his friends would endorse his note. He would have used that source but for the fact that his friends had already been so very kind about letting him have small sums from time to time when his need was intense. He did not care to bother then again. In fact, he hoped that when next he called on them, it would be to discharge the debts he already owed. So, John Brown and thousands of others in like predicament have taken advantage of the fact that as soon as they have reestablished their credit by the fact of having work they can borrow from the type of company that required neither bankable collateral nor endorsements.

Such a personal finance agency might have light to throw on how the unemployed manage to tide over their periods of no income. In response to a request, Household Finance Corporation, one of the largest operators in this peculiar financial field, distributed a questionnaire among its offices throughout the East and Middle West.

No customer was approached until after a loan had been granted him. Then, and then only, the manager would say something like this: "Mr. Brown, a national research organization has asked us to help it find out what happened to the families of unemployed men during the depression. We have agreed to ask some of our customers to answer these questions if they desire to aid this study. You already have your loan and you need not do this unless you wish to do so. Your name will not be placed on the questionnaire and nothing will be done either to identify you with the answers to these questions or to embarrass you in any way." As a result questionnaires were filled in by 164 customers from offices in forty-eight cities.

They were all men who had just resumed work after a period of unemployment and under the circumstances their answers tended to be both frank and truthful in giving their experiences. Although the survey did not reveal all the intimate and interesting details we should like to have had about John Brown and his family and how they managed to live without an income, it did tell us a story that is of real interest. First let me put it in the form of a mosaic John Brown made up from a cross-section of their answers.

John Brown did not take his hard luck lying down; he did not often give up his search for employment, or his belief that in time his quest would be rewarded.

HIS landlord was sympathetic. John stayed on in his home months after he had stopped paying the rent. If he moved, it may have been because the landlord's capacity for sympathy and patience was exhausted, or it may have been that John was no longer willing to go so deeply into debt to one man. When that time came, he moved, usually into cheaper quarters or, if the children were not too small, he may have decided to rent a larger house and have his wife try her hand at keeping roomers and boarders.

John's grocer was long-suffering. When John did go to charity, it may have been because he could not permit himself to add more to his already large bill for food. Not in many instances did it mean that he had decided that a society that threw him out of work owed him a living.

Neither John's wife nor his children went to work to help out. Jobs may well have been hard for them to find, too, his wife was busy at home taking care of the family and making their small possessions do duty for even more exacting needs. Both John and his wife recognized the importance of keeping the children in school if they were to be made ready for avoiding such predicaments as John was now enduring. John's young son tried to get a paper route, but that was difficult when even the boys who had done such work for several years were being replaced by men. His daughter picked up a half dollar now and then by taking care of the neighbor's children, but neighbors do not often buy such help in these times.

All of the savings in the bank were used up. John had a friend whose bank failed before he had withdrawn his account, and so his plight was even worse than

What of the man, unemployed for months, who has not applied to relief funds? A personal finance agency sent a questionnaire to its clients which gives the first full-length portrait of "John Brown"—his savings, insurance, equity in his home, the few things he has bought on instalments, how he finally got a job that made him eligible for a loan.

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John's. John did not, however, dispose of his life insurance. He knew too well that without this protection his family might find itself facing an even more serious situation. The life insurance company let him run behind in his payment of premiums without losing his equity. After his savings were gone, he simply told the grocer and the butcher of his predicament and, for a time at least, they let him have food on credit. His relatives did the best they could for him, but all together they loaned him less than a couple of hundred dollars—not much for a man out of work many months and having a growing family to support.

John had not overdone the privilege of instalment buying. Ordinarily, he bought only such things as he could well afford. If just before being laid off, however, he had grown overconfident and contracted to buy an automobile at the rate of fifty dollars a month, after he lost his job the car may have been taken away from him.

When at long last his period of unemployment was ended, John Brown faced a world that looked kind despite the fact that it was threatening to lose patience over the debts he owed it. Even debts when combined with an assured income were to be faced joyously after the experience he had been through. His new job meant his credit was good again — good for borrowing money to pay off such creditors as had grown impatient, credit for buying necessities until he could get back on a cash basis, and then, finally a cash economy free from the need for credit until a new emergency should arise.

Let us now turn from our composite John Brown to the group as a whole. Most of the Brown families were small. Of one hundred and sixty-four making reply, forty-three had no minor children; thirty-one had one child; only one reporting family had as many as eight children, two had seven. Eighty-six per cent of the group had three children or less.

Their periods of unemployment, lasting from a few weeks to as many as twenty-seven months, averaged seven months.

During the unemployment only seventeen of the wives were employed, five others kept roomers or boarders, and two helped their husbands in small businesses which they attempted to set up to take the place of the lost employment. No wives who had more than three children worked outside the home. Among the families which had two children or less it was more common to find the wife holding a regular position, although even there only fourteen out of a total of niney-five worked outside and five others kept roomers and boarders or helped their husbands. Fourteen families reported one child at work and one had two earning small sums.

Earnings contributed by wives and children were in the main very small. Children earned from sixteen to seventy-five dollars a month and wives reported from twenty dollars to one hundred and forty dollars a month.

It is interesting to see the incomes on which these families had been accustomed to live in more prosperous times. All but a few of them were wholly dependent on the wages of the husband. Three hundred and thirty-three dollars a month was the largest wage reported by any of the men. Only one got that much and he had been working for the firm that paid it to him for seven years. Sixteen earned from two hundred to two hundred and forty dollars; fifteen got less then one hundred dollars a month, and sixty dollars was the lowest normal monthly wage reported.

On the whole, these men had held their positions, prior to the depression, for considerable lengths of time; most of them had been on the same job for several years, and some had grown old in the service of companies which had found it necessary to discharge them.

Many men had received marked reductions in wages prior to discharge. It was, nevertheless, the general rule that upon reemployment they received even less than their reduced wages on the old jobs. Of 146 reporting on this item, only thirty-two had wage advances on the new job over the actual wages received before discharge, and of these only thirteen reported new positions paying more than the old one had supplied prior to the depression. Eighteen reported no change in wage, and the rest suffered monthly reductions which ranged from five to one hundred and sixty dollars.

Specifically, it is interesting to note that the man who had eight children had been employed for six years with the firm that paid him two hundred dollars a month. After losing his position, he was out of work for fifteen months and then got one hundred and forty dollars. Meantime, his wife was too occupied with the small children to be able to go to work, and the children were too young to make contributions to the family (*Continued on page* 159)

DURATION OF EMPLOYMENT

Months out of Work	*Number of Men*
1 or less	1
2	2
3	22
4	25
5	15
6	19
7	8
8	9
9	10
10	7
11	8
12	10
13	3
14	2
15	3
16	0
17	1
18	1
19	0
20	0
21	0
22	0
23	0
24	1
25	0
26	0
27	1

CHANGED ECONOMIC STATUS AS PRESENTED BY LOSS OR GAIN IN MONTHLY INCOME

Change in Income	*Number of Men*	*Change in Income*	*Number of Men*
No change	18	$ 1 to $10 gain	7
$ 1 to $ 10 decrease	17	11 to 20 "	4
11 to 20 "	7	21 to 30 "	6
21 to 30 "	15	31 to 40 "	6
31 to 40 "	12	41 to 50 "	6
41 to 50 "	4	85 "	1
51 to 60 "	7	120 "	1
61 to 70 "	5	140 "	1
71 to 80 "	6		
81 to 90 "	7		
91 to 100 "	8		
101 to 110 "	3		
111 to 120 "	2		
140 "	2		
160 "	1		

MEANS BY WHICH RE-EMPLOYMENT WAS OBTAINED

Means	*Number of Men*
Friends, relatives and acquaintances	64
On own initiative	39
Called back by old employer	30
Political pull	4
Charitable agencies	4
Want Ads	4
Employment agencies	4
Trade unions	2

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"That He's My Dog!"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

BARRING only those biological activities indispensable to the perpetuation of the species, the most popular pursuit of mankind always has been that of telling other people how to behave. Grasping for power to make them do it; contriving environment, especially including education, so that they will have to do it—do it automatically. Children, servants and domestic animals are the principal victims of this ancient process; but it is applied generally to the weak, to the conquered, to those hypnotized by slogans and old sayings; to those who endure dutifully what Walt Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." The procedure of political dictators with regard to people in the mass is only a large-scale variant of it. In the raw it consists of compulsion through fear, by physical force with penalties varying from spanking to capital punishment; its less obvious forms include bribery and the promises of the demagogue. Underlying all these is the technique of training, all the way from the cradle to the grave; habituating the subjects of it not only to do it but to like to do it—anyhow to regard it as a god-ordained duty. "Conditioning reflexes."

It doesn't go quite back to the Garden of Eden. If one may judge by what used to be accepted as the official annals of that place and of the proceedings antecedent thereto, the Creator seems not to have regarded dictatorship as desirable. Had Eve's reflexes, not to mention Adam's, been effectively conditioned by long training and fear in respect of fruit and reptiles, she would have "reacted negatively" to that famous seduction, and . . . well, lots of things would have transpired, if not better anyway differently. It would appear however, to have pleased the Almighty, having set in motion the mundane experiment, including the more or less human race, to leave it to its own devices—to let man find out for himself, and be governed by his own experience.

WE are very slow in taking the hint. Few really believe in it. A very nice young American couple, well loved friends of mine, uncommonly fervent in their concern about human progress and the welfare of the world, have lately become enamored of Communism, or whatever may be the latest name for the vast social experiment going on in Soviet Russia. The other day I heard one of them avow the determination that their baby, at the point of beginning conversation, should learn first the word "Lenin." 'Twas said with tongue in cheek, a verbal chip-on-shoulder challenging battle; but it afforded me the more amusement because I know that one factor in their state of mind is rebellion against the conventional routine of religion and social philosophy soaked and drilled into them in their own childhood! Much of the tyranny over children in the world is a getting square for what the parents suffered at the hands of theirs. Nevertheless it was inadvertent expression of the age-old technique of "conditioning reflexes" of little children so that they will ever after react automatically and favorably to the faith of the parents —by saturating their infancy with the sacred names and shibboleths. It is by no means confined to the conservative; the Reds are just as bad.

Lately I have been deriving edification from rereading some of the contributions to a symposium of articles by well known persons, published not long ago in one of our most rebellious journals-of-opinion under the general caption, "If I Were Dictator." The symposium affords exceptionally interesting illustration of the state of mind congenitally resident in all of us. Of the idea that the principal trouble with dictatorship, whether of individuals, parties, classes or mobs, is in the kind of folks who exercise it. Things would be very different for the better if the power lay with *me;* if *my* ideas were in force; if only the dominant authority could represent *my* opinions, interests, creed, party, class, nation, race.

ONE of these writers runs fairly out of breath and ingenuity in enumerating what he calls "a few"—nearly one hundred in fact—of the things he would do, enact, compel, for the reordering of the world. Things varying in importance and difficulty from conscripting his fellow-citizens in their persons and possessions "for necessary civil purposes" to the extinction of obnoxious insects! A distinguished university president, deprecating any such exotic tyrants as Stalin or Mussolini, would "lodge leadership" in big business men who were "really big, thinking socially and acting nationally." He would bring things about by persuasion, but "with appropriate threats in the background." Most amusing of all is the platform of one of the most uncompromising of our pacifists and non-resistants, who would abolish . . . would serve notice . . . would exile . . . would remove from our statute books by a stroke of the pen . . . would be as rigid as the soviets in such-and-such matters. Most of all, he would have absolute freedom of speech and teaching, without any limit until—until somebody proposed to limit it! In *that* event, "if anyone sneaked in and said, 'I believe in liberty and freedom of speech but there are limits' "—away with him to durance vile, upon a prison-farm in Alaska! In this dictator-ruled Utopia nobody shall limit liberty and freedom of speech—except the dictator.

Some of the contributors of course see the point; they do not take themselves very seriously; nearly all of them realize that they are spouting hot-air. One of the best begs the whole question by "assuming that I possess"—then why dictatorship?—"a thumping majority of public opinion." "I appoint an obedient cabinet and forty-eight obedient governors"—sounds Tammanyesque to me. And he abandons the whole position by declaring that "if the office is to be maintained by machine-gun, I quit." Better still is the program presented on the outside by one who didn't contribute to the symposium; the sole plank in his platform was: "I would resign."

I expressly disavow intent to sneer at or make light of this symposium or any contribution to it. These discussions of and proposals for the common welfare and the solution of the mighty problems which bedevil the world are useful, suggestive, necessary. They belong in the practice of free speech. They add to and modify the material of enlightened public opinion, the common wisdom, society's self-criticism and aspiration. In the development of the individual and social mind as well as in the field of biology Nature's technique is to scatter ideas both wise and foolish (so hard to know which is which!) as well as seeds and pollen, with lavish indiscriminate hand, wheat and tares alike falling upon good soil and stony ground, with reliance in the long run upon the hazards of circumstance and unlimited time and the slowly accumulating wisdom of experi-

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ence, to isolate and protect and fructify the truth—whatever that may turn out to be.

Those who dally with the idea of dictatorship of any kind will find fruitful reading in Count Sforza's illuminating study of the post-war dictatorships in Italy, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Poland, Spain, Turkey and Russia, including the thus far abortive attempts to install fascism, sovietism, or to restore monarchism, in Germany.[1] Among other impressive disclosures in this highly informing and inspiring volume, which naturally is most intimate and emphatic with reference to Italy, the author's own country, is the text of Mussolini's own original program, "which he wrote in 1919 for the creation of his *fasci.*" No better example could there be of the fine breathings of liberty in the "before taking" output of revolutionary aspiration, as contrasted with what despotism always comes to in the saddle:

> Italian Republic . . . A National Constituent Assembly . . . Decentralization of the executive power . . . Autonomous administration . . . by means of their own legislative organs . . . Sovereignty of the people, exercised through a universal, equal and direct franchise . . . the people to reserve to themselves the initiative of referendum and veto. Abolition of the political police . . . Magistrates elected independently of the executive.
>
> Liberty of opinion and conscience, of religion, of associations, of the press . . . Abolition of secret diplomacy . . . Etc., etc.

Possibly Signor Mussolini secretly still believes all this and in his heart more or less ruefully contemplates what his machine has done to it. Remember Frankenstein. But in the light of it see what has happened to liberty in Italy. See for a mild example the oath, recently prescribed for all teachers: of perpetual allegiance to the king and his royal successors; most especially to the Fascist regime. Only twelve out of 1225 university professors, at the price of their professional existence, refused that humiliation. The point is that with however fair promises and protestations, dictatorship takes possession, it never fails to degenerate into despotism, in forms and excesses depending upon place and circumstances, but essentially ever the same. As count Sforza says, "to rule by fear degrades rulers and ruled alike."

> All dictatorships eliminate the best from public life; the courageous servants, the critical minds, the creative brains.

AT the very best of it, dictatorship, enforced obedience to outside authority, like martial law in a catastrophe, is justifiable only in a widely recognized emergency; at the earliest possible moment it must abdicate and restore self-control. As Count Sforza puts it, "The danger past, the successors to dictatorship should hasten to remove themselves and account for everything they did. Account for everything. . . . Perhaps the whole problem of democracy in the present world lies there."

Deep in all of us lies that lust for power, that delight in *being obeyed,* salve especially for such as feel themselves deficient. Stevenson had it in mind when he wrote, in the Child's Garden of Verses, the delicious Looking Forward:

> When I am grown to man's estate
> I shall be very proud and great,
> And tell the other girls and boys
> Not to meddle with my toys.

The late Nathaniel C. Wright, well known as editor of numerous newspapers, used to tell a story of a boyhood playmate. Approaching his friend's woodshed one morning, he heard therefrom intermittent shrieks, as of some creature in mortal agony. Within he found his chum, with a newly-acquired puppy, upon whose tail he was grinding from time to time with a sharp and jagged stick; hence the shrieks.

"George, what in the world are you doing to that dog?"

Without looking up from the grim ritual and grinding down again, the other boy replied:

"I'm teaching this little such-and-such that he's *my* dog!"

So even in the minor matters of daily life it is not easy to identify motives. Seldom are they simple; seldom what they purport to be. Father *may* be licking Johnny for Johnny's good, with the familiar "it hurts me more than it does you," or some similar form of parental buncombe. Quite as likely is it that he is licking Johnny chiefly because he is angry at some affront to his own authority and dignity; not oblivious of the fact that also he is bigger than Johnny.

SO in the larger fields, social, political, international, it is well to look for the cat under the meal. Look for instance at the Philippines. As long as it seemed that they would be a source of profit, glory or other advantage to us, we were glib enough with pious phrases, about the "White Man's Burden," "Benevolent Assimilation" and all that other applesauce with which after the Spanish War we salved our consciences and sought to present some sort of alibi out of "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." And we went on, contriving to find that "the Constitution follows the flag" only to the extent that it seems at the time to be to our interest to have it do so. Latterly, finding that free trade with our Philippine colony embarrasses us with commercial competition, we discover that the demand of the Filipinos for independence is morally justified, and under a smokescreen of pious language can hardly wait to throw them over to the outside of the tariff wall, to sink or swim as best they may.

Upon authority which I think sufficient I hear that the Japanese onslaught upon Shanghai was not in the least in accordance with a considered determination of the government at Tokyo, but was an exploit of the Japanese navy upon its own initiative. According to this plausible version of the business, the Japanese army had exhibited notable efficiency and celerity in Manchuria, thereby winning enviable *kudos.*

"How now?" says the navy to itself, "this is all very fine business for the army; but where do we come in?"

Whereupon, overnight and without so much as a by-your-leave to the civil government, under the guise of determination to obliterate the headquarters of the Chinese boycott located there, the Japanese war vessels descended upon Shanghai. A little later they visited also other ports of China, hunting down this and that in the way of pretexts, including newspaper "insults to our royal house"—any stick to beat the dog. They even demanded the removal from the Chinese language of that peculiarly hateful word, applied to them by the Chinese, signifying something between a dwarf and a monkey. As it turned out, they bit off more than they could chew; the enterprise proved to be much more difficult than it had looked in the prospectus. Of course, as usual in such things, once begun it had to be gone through with; all the enginery of patriotic fervor had to be enlisted in Japan, including, also as usual in all countries in such matters, the suppression of every form of liberal protest. One of the worst examples of that was when a group of army officers dragged Dr. Inazo Nitobe out of the hospital at risk of his life, to make him apologize for having said (as was alleged) that "militarism is more dangerous than communism."

And now Japan, deep in industrial and economic depression, finds herself up to the neck in the expenditures of war and hurt irretrievably in the estimation of the whole world; a fact to which, regardless of the bluster of her present spokesmen, her people are acutely sensitive. It is all very well for Japanese blow-hards and die-hards to threaten resignation from the League of Nations; some of them no doubt mean it, and it may be done; but wiser and more far seeing Japanese know that it would be moral suicide. Social suicide, too. It is greatly valued for Japan's "face" to be joined as an equal in any world-organization. The gall for the Japanese in the repudiation by the United States of the Lansing-Ishii "gentleman's agreement" governing Japanese immigration was in the

[1] EUROPEAN DICTATORSHIPS. By Count Carlo Sforza; foreword by Edward M. House. Brentano's. 257 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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fact that it put them on a par with the Chinese. Fancy them deliberately shutting themselves out of any organization of the great nations of the world, including the World Court, leaving China in!

The spirit of force, of repression and strangling of protest and proposal, distasteful to the hearer, is all but universal. Very rare indeed is that person who can listen tolerantly, forever vigilant against himself, conscious that his own deepest conviction on *any* subject may be mistaken. Rarer still he who can hear without the impulse to silence the proposer, suggestions of changes threatening his own material interests and rights as he conceives them. "Liberty in details, unity in essentials" is a fine-sounding phrase; but it begs the question by assuming that anyone knows beyond room for dispute what *are* the essentials. What seems axiomatic to one often precisely fits the other fellow's definition of nonsense. Furthermore, *tempora mutantur*—seeming and widely accepted "essentials" of one time, situation or stage of development and knowledge are constantly turning out to be no longer essential or even altogether false. And we are forever consciously or unconsciously confusing our own notions, motives, interests, intentions, with the ideas and projects, so to speak, of the Almighty. Like the little girl who said she couldn't understand how all those Methodists and Baptists could expect to be happy in Heaven, or to go there at all for that matter, since God was a Presbyterian.

Try to visualize in action the operations of any sort of dictatorship in our own country. Consider the difficulty we have now in finding capable and honest persons to direct our public functions. I do not myself know anybody whom I would trust with dictatorial powers, or with any powers not strictly limited by law and subject to the free play of public protest. No government can be either safe or honest without an active opposition. It is of the essence of both Fascism and Sovietism in practice that no worth-while opposition is tolerated.

The immense and perplexing problems in which the whole world is now enmeshed will require the utmost of human wisdom, expressed and precipitated under stress of unprecedented conditions in free discussion actuated by the interplay of conflicting interests. There is no other way. Wisdom and disinterested public spirit are neither confined to nor absent from any class. So far as my observation goes, native intelligence and devotion to human welfare is not more prevalent among stock-brokers or bankers than among grocers or bricklayers. As for the futilities of debate and procedure in Congress, they are embodiments of business precision and dispatch compared with the proceedings of the typical college faculty. Out of the common brains, impelled by the common peril, must come the solutions. There is no other way. Futile the search for the super-man, wise enough and good enough to restrain his own lust for power, and to recognize, curb and eliminate the brutal, the corrupt, the self-serving "yes-men" who inevitably surround him, stulifying his best intentions, his fairest and most alluring prognostications. Any fool, as Cavour once said, can rule—for the time being—by martial law; but that rule requires continually intensified force. And with increase of pressure comes nearer and nearer the explosion. Self-government, for an individual or a people, is the sole way of progress.

Tuileries Gardens

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

CHILDREN of France with hoop and ball,
With hoop and ball,
With hoop and ball;
I watch your slender figures dance
The green leaves fluttering over all.
The dust your flying footsteps spurn
It drifts like smoke from phantom guns,
And is there one of you who runs
To mark the mystic flames that burn
In this dear soil, from this dread ground,
Or any ears to catch the sound
Of vanished voices floating by
Above the tumult of your cry?

Lift up your eyes from hoop and ball,
From hoop and ball,
From hoop and ball;
Behold a thronging host arise:—
These gardens echo to their call,
They play your games and dream your dreams
Upon these stones, beside this grass;
A little while and then they pass.
Now suddenly the sunlight gleams
On flashing blades and crowded ranks,
The caissons roll, the harness clanks:—
These weeping women, marching men
When shall they play and dream again?

Oh turn away from hoop and ball,
From hoop and ball,
From hoop and ball;
And mark the cries of them that slay
And maenads shrieking over all!
These staring skulls that wore the crown,
These white throats laced with flaming red,
These bloody smocks that clothe the dead,
These shattered fragments of renown;—
How swift they follow, follow after
High merriment and elfin laughter;
And do they still crowd close behind
Your feet so light, your eyes so blind?

So close they are to hoop and ball,
To hoop and ball,
To hoop and ball;
But yesterday a shooting star
Burst where your very footsteps fall.
Black fear was in its murky breath
And hate was in its iron soul.
It chose an altar for its goal,
This messenger of sudden death!
How long, how long will you be free
Laughing, to face eternity?
And shall your children's children hear
Death's brazen bugle ringing clear?

Who knows but now with hoop and ball,
With hoop and ball,
With hoop and ball,
Some spirit with unclouded brow
Will solve the riddle of it all;
And kindled by these ghosts to flame
Shall tower forth in God-like wrath
And sweep this terror from the path,—
This ancient dread, this primal shame?
Spirit be swift with flag and drum,
The hour is nigh, is come, is come;—
Clear visioned as the soul of France:—
Be braver than her bravest lance!

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Children Come Dear

By NEVA R. DEARDORFF

THE world has a new experience in store when it tries the quixotic experiment of giving all children what they need. It can be almost certainly predicted it will first have to give up indulging itself in some things that it doesn't need. One can but wonder if the White House conferees recognized the revolutionary character of their proposals. Give every child what he needs—what could be more obviously right! Indeed, what else could a child-welfare conference say? Yet someone is expected to provide, and that someone has to get the wherewithal somewhere. That somewhere is the national income flowing through channels not now routed to those charged with the duty and responsibility of spending it for the care and education of children. It is true some of the national income gets into the hands of such people but, with a few exceptions (such as the educational system and mothers' aid), the income which a person receives is not designated for that purpose and usually is not in any way adjusted to his child-caring responsibilities.

The three volumes here reviewed[1] are from the series of some forty-five volumes, large and small, which the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection has listed for publication during this two-year period following the meeting of the Conference itself in November 1930. If the remainder of the publications are of the same type as these first three, and if either our leaders or our masses come to take them seriously, our present form of society is due to undergo a vast change. While the reports to date are almost, but not quite, silent on our economic system, all call for a realignment in the use of the country's income resources which would make Russia's look like an old-time capitalist regime.

Let us begin with the situation described in the volume on Special Education which deals with the educational needs of handicapped children. It is there brought out that according to the best estimates of the committee there are some eighty-four hundred blind children under twenty years of age who are not receiving any special education to help them offset this extreme form of physical defect. Presumably their parents and other natural custodians cannot provide. It is taken for granted that the state should educate them. Such education in the state residential schools costs about $630 per year per pupil and in braille classes in the public schools, from $120 to $590 per year. If a modest average annual expenditure of $300 on each of these children were provided, the bill of states and local units would be $2,520,000 a year. There are about forty-five thousand partially-seeing children who are not now but should be in sight-saving classes at an annual expense of about $200 each. Their special education would cost about $9,000,000 annually.

If only *one tenth* of the estimated three million children with impaired hearing needed special education (only 18,212 were reported to be receiving it) in day schools and classes for the deaf, there would be about 980,000 children thus to be served at an estimated annual per capita cost of $264 each. This would total $258,720,000 for one year.

Of the million children with speech defects, 60,000 are receiving corrective treatment. At ten dollars a year each the special education of the remainder would require about $9,400,000.

It is estimated that about 88,400 of the 300,000 crippled children are without special education and are in need of it. If for each one an equal expenditure of $300 should be incurred, the bill would be $26,520,000.

Of the 382,000 tuberculous children, the 850,000 "suspicious" cases, the 1,000,000 children with weak or damaged hearts (375,000 with serious organic heart disease) and the 6,000,000 children who are malnourished, only 40,000 are in open-window and open-air classes. If, of the other 8,192,000 children not so cared for, only a quarter, or 2,000,000, were found to need such special adaption of ordinary schooling at an average annual cost of $169 each—the present cost of such classes—the bill would be $338,000,000.

If the 665,000 children with behavior problems not now looked after by the elementary schools were each to receive $50 worth of special attention or education a year, the cost would be $33,250,000, and if the 390,000 pupils with marked mental retardation were to have a similar outlay, the cost would amount to $19,500,000.

The total annual bill for special education, largely in day schools, would thus amount to about $700,000,000, without allowance for any overhead expense for supervision, for preparation of teachers and so on, and without counting the additional expense necessary for cooperation from other agencies, public and private, which it was foreseen would be needed if the original expense were to be fruitful. These would doubtless carry the figure well toward a billion. If an average annual salary of $2000 were paid the special-class teachers, this total outlay

The White House Conference proposed to give every child what he needs—Are we prepared to pay for it?

[1] THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE, 1930. *Addresses and Abstracts of Committee Reports. Century. 365 pp. Price $2 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE HOME AND THE CHILD: HOUSING, FURNISHINGS, MANAGEMENT, INCOME, CLOTHING. *Century. 165 pp. Price $2 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SPECIAL EDUCATION, THE HANDICAPPED AND THE GIFTED. *Century. 593 pp. Price $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

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would mean a corps of some 300,000 new public officials.

Every section of this report emphasized the importance of specially trained teachers so that some initial investment would be required for the training of this personnel as well as for some material equipment. And even this would not be the whole bill for the nation's handicapped children. Among these several classes of children there are some who would require the more expensive forms of full-time institutional care. And only a fraction of the children in some of the large classes were counted in our summary of the situation. A thorough job would probably cost considerably more than a billion.

Although the writers of this series of reports were anxious that the extent of these opportunities for conservation and cultivation of our human resources should be sensed by the public of the United States and that it should be clearly understood that there is no cheap and easy way to serve the handicapped child well, they did not go the length of indicating what the total cost would be or even of hinting as to the way such conservation service should be financed. There is an occasional recognition that not all local communities can provide these services. State and federal aid are mentioned in a general way once in a while.

IT is obvious that a program of such magnitude could not be launched in a year or brought to full operation in several years, but it must be equally clear that it will never be in operation unless someone sits down calmly and estimates its total cost and also figures out whence the income to support such a program is to come. That, I suppose, is what might be called national planning for a part of child welfare—in this case, the special education of the handicapped. But these reports do not carry us that far.

This volume also included a section on the 1,500,000 gifted children in the United States. No estimates appear as to the investment in education which might well be made in their behalf by the educational system, although some additional expense is recommended. Nothing is said of scholarships to see that no gifted child is forced out of school and college prematurely. Perhaps if we spent in well directed ways a hundred million dollars a year for a while on these children they might in return help us figure out how to get that billion to educate the handicapped!

There is not space here to do more than comment briefly on these remarkable books. Before going on to the other two—the discussion thus far concerns only the report on Special Education—it would be well to finish the comments on that volume. While its contents is uneven in quality, owing in part to the fact that knowledge about the various fields has not been uniformly cultivated and in part to the differences in the amount of ability and time that obviously went into the preparation of the several sections, this report is bound to be helpful to anyone who wishes to review the entire picture of special education provided either in the country as a whole or his community in particular. The data presented are in the main of a somewhat rough inventory type; sometimes they are pretty sketchy, even wobbly. Sometimes there is evidence of haste and none too careful editing, as when "medium" is used for "median," but it would be a captious person indeed who would dwell on the defects of this earnest effort to set forth the broad outlines of the situation and to indicate what wisdom and experience dictate are the methods by which these children's lives can be made more valuable to themselves and to their country. Some of the sections, especially the one for the partially-seeing, is an excellent treatment of the subject for laymen—at least it was for this layman.

All of the sections in this report urge the essential economy of taking care of handicapped children properly, of educating them well and of guiding them aright. They all point to the savings in future outlay for the care of dependent, defective and criminal adults which may reasonably be expected if the right steps are taken now. But one cannot but wonder whether we shall ever gird ourselves to take those drastic self-denying steps. Some generation sometime may have the courage to tax itself both to take proper care of the results of past neglect and failure and at the same time to undertake a genuine and thorough preventive job. Such a program will require a very great deal of money but, unless all of these people who have worked with handicapped children are dead wrong, the investment in prevention should pay so well that when in the course of a generation it gets in its work, a reduction in expenditures for remedial work will follow and the productive capacity of the country would be enlarged to the extent that ineffectives are transformed to producers. At the present there would seem to be few indeed who wish to invest in social welfare on a big enough scale to make a perceptible difference in the total community situation.

The volume of the Proceedings of the Conference itself needs little comment. The abstracts of the committee reports are similar to those published just prior to the Conference itself. The principal difference is the omission of the report of the Committee on Public Health Organization. In the foreword Secretary Wilbur of the Department of the Interior promises seventeen committee reports, but where one of the abstracts ought to be, Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming, the chairman of the Public Health Committee, inserts the note that it has been omitted from this volume "because in some of its aspects the report touches controversial points which require further consideration." The report of the committee on Public Health Organization was finally released on February 6, 1932 with some modification and some minority statements. It should be carefully studied.

The principal addition to these proceedings over the preliminary volume are the speeches made at the large general meetings—thoroughly reported through many channels. The Children's Charter, that de luxe report of the Aspiration Committee, sadly needs coordination with the findings of a Ways and Means Committee. If only, however, we could take that charter seriously and literally and work up in ourselves the necessary courage to follow even a few of these aspirations, it would do worlds for business right now. The VIIth paragraph calls "For every child a dwelling-place safe, sanitary and wholesome, with reasonable provisions for privacy; free from conditions which tend to thwart his development; and a home environment harmonious and enriching." The VIIIth specifies "For every child a school which is safe from hazards, sanitary, properly equipped, lighted and ventilated. For younger children nursery schools and kindergartens to supplement home care." Here is a program sufficient in itself to lead us back to prosperity for at least a few years. The XVth resolution came a little nearer the problem when it said: "For every child the right to grow up in a family with an adequate standard of living and the security of a stable income as the surest safeguard against social handicaps." But where is the court that will protect such a "right" for children? Our courts have thought the child's father's or mother's right of freedom of contract for a sub-standard wage was his most cherished safeguard.

THE truth is, of course, that short of the segregation of children, they cannot be separated from their families and communities for the purposes of security and standard of living. Secretary Wilbur explains that going beyond the range of interests of the two earlier White House Conferences this one has been conceived so as to concern "all children, in their total aspects, including those social and environmental factors which are influencing modern childhood." Yet one looks in vain in the summary of the proceedings for any references to the body of thought concerned with problems of the birthrate and to

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the great field of economic institutions as they affect standards of living and family life, education and early work-experience of young people. The Secretary of the Interior promises that the conference will try to "determine where our social, educational and governmental machinery is at fault in training him to his utmost capacities." Our economic machinery for distributing income to make possible this training was not included. Even the section on milk refers to production and control and omits reference to the problem of how best to distribute milk to those unable to buy it. It certainly was of a piece with President Hoover's bad luck to have prosperity disappear just when this Conference began to issue advice about how to apply some of it to child-welfare purposes.

THE volume on The Home and the Child is a symposium prepared under the chairmanship of Martha Van Rensselaer of the College of Home Economics at Cornell University. It enunciates the same high standards of housing, of furnishings and equipment that one so often finds in magazines devoted to the household affairs of suburban families of substantial income. Besides setting forth that there "should be" every convenience and regard for all esthetic considerations in all homes, such fine points as "a workshop in which the men and boys of the home can putter" and vine-clad lattices and hedges to screen the clotheslines, are thrown in for good measure. The whole section on housing implies that the American family will own its own tastefully furnished home in a garden city.

Some idea of the way that this committee saw the situation appears from a couple of passages in the introduction:

> (1) Money problems of the home are considered basic in family adjustments. When these problems are not wisely and cooperatively solved by the family they are destructive alike to adult and child; (2) census reports indicate that a very large percentage of families have an income inadequate for the proper rearing of children. It is desirable to determine how children will fare on such incomes and how and to what extent society must help.

Pathetically enough, the section on home management is called the "management of income." Something can be done in the management of expenditures but almost the last thing a typical family in the United States can do is to manage its income. Outside forces decide the source and the size of families' incomes for industrial workers, for farmers, for white-collar workers, even for many of those on incomes from capital. One cannot but marvel at the naivete of such a statement as this:

> The management of the finances of his own particular family is of crucial importance to every child. On the wisdom of that management depends not only his physical well being, but also his first economic education. If his family's income is too small, or if it is badly administered, he may not only suffer for want of the essentials of food, clothing, sunlight, quiet sleep, warmth in winter, recreation, medical attention and education, but he will also lack the sense of security and tranquility in his home without which no child can develop properly. For the farm child almost as much as for the town child, these essentials depend upon an adequate money income, since the farm can supply directly only part of the most urgent needs of country children.

If only our financiers and others in control of economic affairs would cooperate with the fathers and mothers of this country in working out this problem in home management so that security and tranquility would follow!

In the main it may be said that these volumes offer exceedingly good advice on many technical details of child care. They open the eyes of people to the manifold needs which each child presents if he is to be brought from infancy to adult life with all of his powers properly cultivated and with his handicaps overcome. Child welfare means not only gathering up the grossly unfortunate children for foster care, not only running a few clinics and kindergartens, it means a whole civilization that is "child-centered." That we do not have now, much as we talk about our interest in children and this being the century of the child. To give every child his due means the elimination of class and race prejudice, means the foregoing of war as an instrument of international adjustment, means the distribution of the national income by methods and according to formulae which are now almost against the law to discuss. It means the coordination of ideas which now live in wholly separate compartments in our brains—"taxation" and "social welfare," for instance—it means the frank facing of facts, the willingness to examine all ideas, even those on economics, without fear and preconceptions. It implies resources for widespread experimentation and large-scale study and observation.

Child welfare in the terms expressed in these volumes implies that master minds will devote lifetimes to reshaping life and character, that motivations of great institutions will shift to new axes, that the fruits of our highly developed industrial society will be distributed as never before. We shall need to depart from our parochialism in matters of child welfare to a conception which parallels in the breadth of its economic base, that of the organization of industry and the economic order generally.

If the recommendations of these reports are acted upon promptly we may live to see wonderful progress, or at least a big change, in our civilization. If they are neglected, the psychiatrists will have another case of the schizophrenia of a nation to study.

Punch, Brother, Punch

By ARTHUR KELLOGG

THIS book[1] about Detroit, which was the beginning of Michigan, and about Hazen S. Pingree—"Potato" Pingree of the panic of '93—set thrumming an old chord of recollection of my first day as a cub correspondent in the Michigan legislature. I was taken in by my betters to meet the governor. He sat in the only chair in the room, a great upright hulk of a man in immaculate political clothes of the last years of the old century—a Prince Albert coat, a white vest and striped blue trousers. The top of his head was completely bald and the bottom supported a goatee bigger than Buffalo Bill's. He looked and was called a dude. His rosy face somehow gave promise of friendliness to a small-city reporter suddenly promoted to the most exciting assignment on his paper—until you looked into his eyes, which were the coldest, hardest blue eyes in all that city of poker-faced politicians. There was not a thing about him by which you could understand his passionate work for municipal ownership of street railways in Detroit and regulation of the railroads which crossed Michigan on their impatient way westward; his unquestionable devotion to the common people of his city and state.

"What paper did you say? . . . Don't forget that your owner supports my railroad policy. . . . What will you have? . . . Help yourself."

On the mahogany table before him there was a collection of glasses and two large silver pitchers. One pitcher was filled with rye whiskey. The other pitcher was filled with ice-water. "What will you have?"

Two stories were current in Lansing. One was that the gov-

[1] A HISTORY OF THE DETROIT STREET RAILWAYS, *by Graeme O'Geran. Limited edition. The Conover Press. 446 pages.*

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ernor drank nothing but straight whiskey and kept the ice-water for weaklings who must have a chaser. The other was that he drank nothing but ice-water and kept the whiskey because he knew what was expected of a Republican governor.

The history of Detroit has been bound up in some form of transportation. One hundred and ninety years before any of the events set down in this book, Cadillac went exploring out of Quebec and found there the place where the Indians from South, East and West passed on their way to sell furs to the French. The next year, 1701, Cadillac came with his men and built his fort. He was determined to be free of the politicians at Quebec and the crooked traders at Montreal, which meant he must grow his own food. But he had come by canoe and could bring no work animals. And so it happened that the virgin soil of his seigniory outside the stockade was broken by plows drawn by men from among his French soldiers and Canadian farmers. He was the first of a series of determined men who dealt with power and transportation realistically in the interest of the community—a list that included Pingree, Tom L. Johnson, Brand Whitlock and James Couzens.

LESS than two centuries after Cadillac built his stockade Pingree became mayor of a city of two hundred thousand people, already strongly industrial. He found it plugging along with horsecars although other cities of its size had electric trolleys. Something about it challenged this man, now rich. At fourteen he had started life as a factory hand in a New England village. He had served through the Civil War, much of it in Andersonville Prison, had gone into business and had come out the head of the Pingree Shoe Company—a typical career. He saw that a new time demanded quick, cheap transportation. His program was a three-cent fare and municipal ownership so that the profits should go not into dividends for stockholders but into better service for the citizens who paid the fares.

Pingree's first move was to bring in a second transit line to break the monopoly of the single company; his next to displace the old rattletraps with trolleys, following some experiments with storage batteries and steamers. In season and out he preached public ownership, a very crusade of it, and the people of Detroit increasingly went along with him. Tom L. Johnson came on the scene as head of the chief company, and presently he had merged the lot of them into the Detroit United Railways, which was the hero or the villain of local politics for a third of a century. That merger into a single system was the first definite step toward municipal ownership, whether or not Johnson so intended it. He at any rate realized it for already he had been bitten by the bug of public ownership, the result of buying Henry George's Progress and Poverty from a train "butcher," and he offered to sell out to the city at a specified price, telling Pingree privately that he would turn over his personal share of the profits. Pingree agreed and the alderman agreed, but the proposal was defeated at a referendum on the ground that the price was too high.

That was the nearest the city came to success in Pingree's time. The interesting and important thing about it was the discriminating vote on referendum. The people had been trained by Pingree's agitation; every municipal election for a generation hinged on the position which the candidates took toward municipal ownership. It came to be known as "The Thirty Years War" for it was exactly thirty-two years from the first proposal by Mayor Pingree to the final victory by Mayor Couzens.

Couzens reaped where others had sowed, but he plowed in a great crop of his own. Year after year, plan after plan for partial public ownership failed to carry. Finally this man who was more intelligent and even more determined than the D.U.R. and was on the side of "Dynamic Detroit," set going his winning strategy. As mayor he began building a city line piecemeal and he had his eye on franchises of various parts of the D.U.R. which were shortly to expire. When it finally became clear that the people of Detroit would never consent to a renewal of the franchises, he was able to buy out the D.U.R. at a price which was approved by the voters. Detroit at long last owned all of its rapid transit. The D.U.R., hitherto cock of the roost, was shrunk to an interurban line known to all southern Michigan as the "Inter-Reuben" in the dear departed lingo of a time when farmers were called "Rubes."

Couzens began at once to organize, build, extend, experiment. He gave Detroit the largest municipally owned and operated street railway in the world. It has never cost the taxpayers a cent beyond what they pay in carfares. It has expanded to give adequate service to a city which grew from 200,000 to 1,500,000 people in forty years. It pays the second highest platform wages in the country and has no labor troubles. It pays taxes of a million dollars a year, for by some quaint twist this city taxes its own utility, and it paves between the tracks, a hangover from days when the sharp-shod car-horses, poor straining beasts, cut up the streets. It feeds its suburban terminals with its own buses and has run out its only serious competitors, the swarms of irresponsible jitneys. It pays interest on the bonds which were issued against the purchase of the D.U.R. and is retiring those bonds through a sinking fund—had wiped off a third of them in eight years. And it has done all this on a six-cent fare, which is low for a city of its class.

Mr.O'Geran lays the final success to the crew which Mayor Couzens left in charge when he moved up to the U. S. Senate. He had scoured the country for the best technical men; he found men who were lit by his flame and have worked for the public service with the singleness of purpose they might have put into big-money jobs with Ford or General Motors. A second reason is implicit in the book—the long education of the people of Detroit on municipal ownership, which came about under the law requiring a referendum vote on a new enterprise. So widespread and heated did this become that at some elections groups of reformers were found working earnestly against each other.

NOW if a hopeful reader expects that this romantic story of a city which grew like a beanstalk and of its strong men is told in this book in romantic terms he is bound to be disappointed. The author is the assistant professor of economics at Syracuse University and his book is a "dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Michigan." Thus it is entitled to such excess baggage as paragraph headings on which the lay reader constantly barks his eyes, the full text of public documents, the names of Mr. Alderman Nobody and his associates who served on this and that committee, and footnotes which if placed end to end would reach from Cadillac Square to Ypsilanti or perhaps even to Kalamazoo.

But the romance nevertheless is embedded in the dissertation. And there is the priceless story of James Couzens, who had recently sold his Ford stock for thirty million dollars, who took a trolley of a fair spring morning when the company had raised the rate from five cents to six. He tendered a nickel. The conductor demanded another penny. Couzens refused. Thereupon conductor and motorman together threw him off, not observing until too late that a touring car alongside was filled with newspaper cameramen. It was held at the time that this spectacular bit of campaigning was an important step in Couzens' election and in the final victory for public ownership.

This book is not for sale. A presentation edition of one thousand copies has been brought out by Senator Couzens. Any reader who is interested might secure a copy by writing to Arthur J. Lacy, in the Buhl Building in Detroit, and mentioning this piece in Survey Graphic.

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Literature Is Scripture

By LEON WHIPPLE

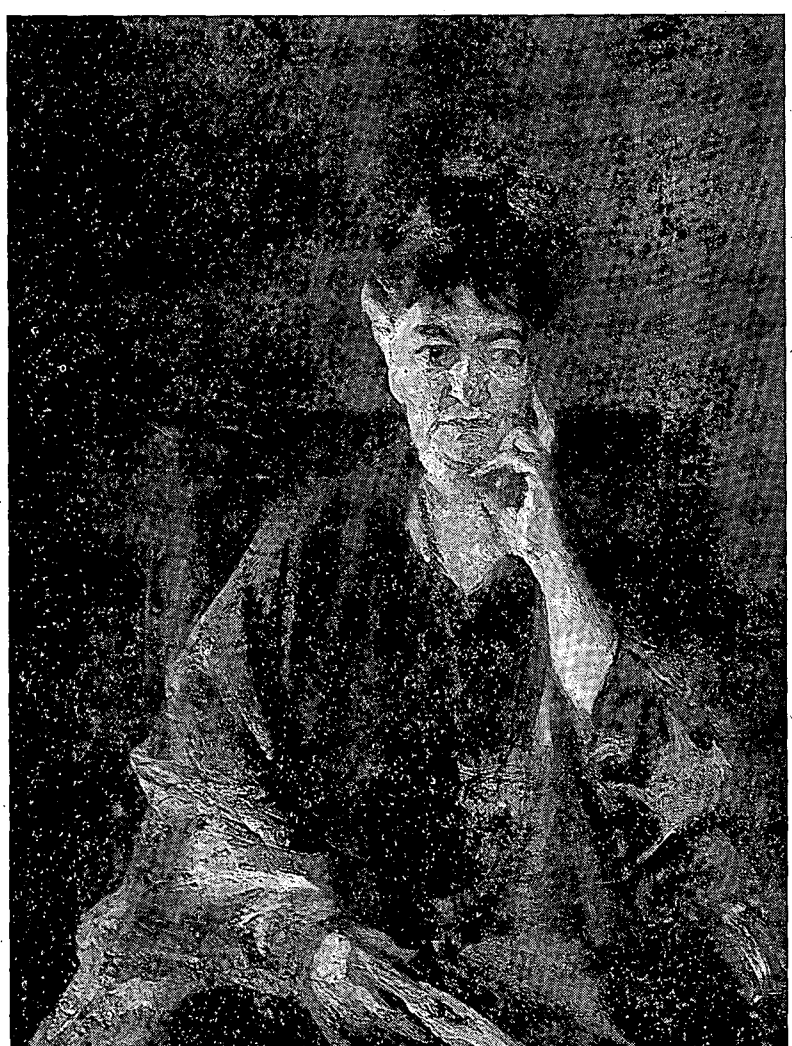
"LITERATURE is an endless scripture and revelation of the life of man." With this high faith, Ludwig Lewisohn[1] traverses the field of American expression, not as literary historian, but as assayer "without consideration of sentiment or decorum" to separate gold from sand and to discover what of the wise and beautiful can still serve our need. He seeks with severe almost religious ardor a canon of permanence for American expression; and finds judgment clear to about 1890: for time has worn a kind of relief map of heights and valleys that can already be measured by the world scale. So judged, Fenimore Cooper, say, and most of the genteel school from Irving to Richard Watson Gilder become museum pieces; whereas Emerson and Thoreau shine on and return to power as needed teachers of the new generation. Longfellow was not a thin poet, but no poet at all for he expressed no immediate and real experience of life. He watered sentiment with faded tradition and so (as Lewisohn quotes Goethe) "He can serve us no more."

These are stern judgments with which we may not always agree, but it is salutary to have Lewisohn's keen intelligence and appreciation of form and his high moral sense make this search for the excellent that has become permanent. The fruit of his personal adventures among American letters seems to me a noble and enlightened book wherein the basic ideas are sound or challenging and the separate pages rich and instructive, clothed in a warm and pellucid style. Surely the time is ripe to stop over-praise of our literary heritage out of mere provincial defensiveness, and to forget or label minor, or list for historical purposes many works that our pride or ignorance had raised too high. I suppose I approve of Lewisohn because I agree with so many of his dicta: that Thoreau offers the best American prose; that Santayana has the most colorful style; that Mark Twain produced great picaresque folk tales and was not a thwarted satirist; that The Education of Henry Adams is a crucial book.

Lewisohn makes much of his Freudian interpretations, of Whitman and Poe especially, but I cannot see that our judgments on their work would be different even without resort to Vienna. Despite his generous and tolerant strivings for catholic understanding, he never quite grasps the significance of the pioneer spirit of our pastoral life. So he underrates the universal quality of Whittier who certainly was of the line of Ovid and Burns. Yet what happened to the pioneer spirit when about the transition date, 1890, the frontier was closed played a principal part in that revolution in American literature since 1900 to which Mr. Lewisohn devotes the second half of his book.

His interpretation depends on the dualism that he believes had cramped and distorted American expression from the beginning, to wit, the separation of expression from experience, of art from life. By the Puritan, life was suspected and feared and his soul became sick with ambivalence, natural desire warring with the sense of sin. His literature has scant values for a generation that has lost its religious sanctions. The genteel school likewise refused to go to life, but sought in literature a romantic escape that reflected the traditions of the English upper middle-class. They made of letters a game of invention and artifice and this concept still in part persists, despite the growth of native American realism. Mr. Lewisohn is bitter indeed at these polite gentlemen who preserved their art "clean" (that is, free from sex) but uttered no criticism of, or even mirrored, the gross materialism around their ivory towers.

Deep changes began about 1890, flowered in the vigorous and realistic literature of 1910 to 1925, and are now subsiding. To reveal the genesis and consequences of this revolution is, as Mr. Lewisohn perceives, of profound importance. Will we carry on in the mood of critical realism? or become sterile from moral defeatism? or preserve the best of our revolt in a new matrix of human values? The future in America depends on what answer we make to these questions. Mr. Lewisohn rightly devotes his gifts to the authors and moods that brought us where we are today; he is not



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, New York

MARY AUSTIN
Portrait by Louis Betts

[1] EXPRESSION IN AMERICA, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper. 624 pp. Price $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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here seeking final judgments but to decipher forces and personalities.

Why did we change after 1890? The will of God, Mr. Lewisohn says, is not the least rational of answers. And the manifestations of this will were twofold: first, the revolt of the native sons, especially of the Midwest, against the morals and the institutions of their ancestors, against ugliness, materialism, and sex hypocrisy; and second, the impetus to a new realism, a new liberalism and new forms from Continental culture. So we have Frank Crane, Norris, Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Masters, Sinclair Lewis et al. to compare with Santayana, Huneker, Mencken, Viereck, Waldo Frank and a long list. The interaction of these two forces, with their different urges, purposes, discontents and philosophies, has never been adequately studied. They helped each other and they hindered each other; they met in Greenwich Village; one set up the Washington Square Players, the other discovered O'Neill and Susan Glaspell at Provincetown; against them later the New Humanism thundered. Together they brought freshness of vision, libertarianism, the mating of experience and expression into our literature. Seeking to interpret this ferment, Lewisohn in brilliant and illuminating chapters interweaves the new poetry and the woman poets, our recent drama, the meaning of humanism, and the search for new forms in poetry and the subjective novel.

The vigor and iconoclasm of the revolt plus the chaos of World War and its aftermath have brought disillusion and emptiness. The rebels plunged beyond the reformation of a culture and social evils towards the destruction of human values; attacking economic injustice, sex hypocrisy, religious sterility, they ended by attacking the state, the family and the spirit. They approached what Lewisohn calls moral nihilism which "in its own character is crippling and unproductive. . . . A hell of emptiness has been added to the other hells of man's experience and imagination." It is evidence of the fine justice and rigorous standards in this book that Mr. Lewisohn can give generous and discriminating praise to the manifold incarnations of the creative spirit, and yet mark its limitations. He describes "the phenomenon of the rebel who has nothing but his rebellion, no stock in trade but his resistance and contempt, a just resistance doubtless and a contempt for things contemptible but who, his liberation accomplished, his irritations projected, has neither meaning nor message nor shaping power, nor new gods nor other altars."

But he does not despair; he awaits the creation of new values and new hopes. "The time for severe and serene expression has not yet come." He repeats the view that consistently held to throughout the book is the source of its importance: "The cause lies in that universal situation of mankind which is in the last analysis a religious and metaphysical one." The literature of man is forever joined with what man makes of life.

Of Ever-Livingness

EXPERIENCES FACING DEATH, *by Mary Austin. Bobbs-Merrill. 301 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

OF all the clichés, the conventional sayings, in the patter of orthodox science, none seems to me more patently absurd than that "Nature is indifferent to the survival of the individual." For if there is anything to which "Nature" is unmistakably *not* indifferent, it is precisely that. Passion for individual survival is the one universal instinct, motive, emotion, persisting and acting automatically after every other has ceased to function. The conviction of what Mary Austin, in this extraordinary study of attitudes toward life and death, calls "ever-livingness," is the most fundamental and persistent intuitive assurance of mankind. Not only is it so to speak a law of our being now; it always was. It is inherent in our stuff and structure; in ours and those of every other living creature. Be it true or false, rejection of it, disbelief in its validity, is as abnormal as kleptomania. The burden of proof is upon those who deny.

Upon this inherency, this universal assurance of "something after death"; that it is "a link in experience rather than its inevitable end," Mary Austin predicates one of the shrewdest, most brilliantly convincing discussions of "ever-livingness as an inherent probability of consciousness" that I ever have seen. In it an uncommonly brave and honest woman, scorning that habitual cowardly reticence which commonly makes us hypocritical about our deepest thought, lays her heart bare. As she says herself, "this is a purely personal document, and the public be damned." For many weeks I have been reading and re-reading it with intent to write about it; always I have been palsied by a feeling of intrusion upon a privacy. One feels a responsibility about misconstruing or distorting so intimate a confession. It is quite impossible within these space limits even to outline its argument; nor is it desirable to do so—this is a book of uncommon worth and weight about the most important subject in the world; a book to be read entire and attentively. It stands on its own feet; take it or leave it. It is not for the casual reader, but, as the author so emphatically intimates, an affair confidential, between the author and whom it may concern.

Face-to-face with what was mistakenly diagnosed as swiftly-impending death, and surprised to find that despite unaltered reasons for disbelief in death she *feared* it; she sought the roots of this fear, and grounds for reassurance, and followed deep and far and most rewardingly the path in which the search led her. This relatively brief, compact book is the story of that pilgrimage into the mysteries of ultimate Consciousness; into the deep-self of Man, into what the Indians taught her to call the "Sacred Middle," where abide the ancient memories, the cumulative lore of the ancestors, "from sources older, more experienced than intelligence"; that "feeling-knowledge" that we commonly call intuition—infinitely wiser and more dependable than the ephemeral guessings of the "intellect." From a quite conventional Methodist beginning, she fared forth through other forms of spiritual adventure and exploration, modern and ancient; back into primitive faiths and devotions. She *practiced* them, distilling for herself their profound naive significance; finding for one thing that "to get good out of a religion you do not have to believe it but only to use it." As Jesus put it, you have to *do* it before you can understand. "Belief is not belief," says Mrs. Austin, "unless one is changed by it; unless it gives rise to fresh surmises, new approaches. . . . It can be in all the books in the world and not be yours until it has been experienced, until it has been taken into the deep-self and originated an activity there."

Mrs. Austin, herself profoundly versed in folk-lore, especially of the Indians among whom at Santa Fé she is neighbor and friend, believes that the secret of these deep things lies open to discerning study (never yet attempted) in the subjective and unconscious life of man and even of animals; that the further adventure of the soul can be foresensed as a man's future can be derived from his adolescence. And this is written broad through the whole history of mankind in his folk-lore, his unconscious dramatization through the ages in universal faith, story and imagery, of things beyond the scope of mere intellect—spiritually discerned.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

The Plan Must Suit the People

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE, *by Charles A. Beard and others. Houghton Mifflin. 416 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN spite of my antipathy toward "omnibus" volumes it must be admitted that Mr. Beard has once more demonstrated his editorial skill: he appears to know how to construct a semblance of unity from a mass of individual contributions; and, he certainly possesses the "nose for news" as well as for persons who speak with a certain authority. But, after so much tribute gladly bestowed upon a master editor it still seems to me that when fifteen separate authors find their essays published together because they happen to deal approximately with the same problem the result is inherently a special edition

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of a journal and not a volume of reference. All that may be added on behalf of my bias is to pray that more of the publishers choose Mr. Beard as their editor.

If this combination of views has generalized unity, its essence may be expressed: "Planning within the Capitalistic System, á là America, and not á là Soviet Russia." Mr. Beard seems to feel that the Russians have "stolen the picture" by endowing the term "planning" with the significance of a mystical slogan. "There is nothing Russian about its origin," says Mr. Beard with considerable heat. "Indeed, planning of economy was anathema to the Bolsheviks until, facing the task of feeding enraged multitudes, they laid aside Marx, took up Frederick Winslow Taylor, and borrowed foreign technology to save their political skins" (page 118). Mr. Beard continues: "To talk of forcing such an iron regime of despotism on the citizens of the United States is to betray a woeful ignorance of their history, their traditions, their ideals, and their wilful way of life. . . . To expect dictators who have never before managed anything as complicated as a chicken farm to manage a vast technological system of industry with success is to expect the impossible, even though evangelistic fervor be enlisted." Mr. Beard, who knows American history, asks for an economic plan which is Made in America. Indeed, he provides the outlines for precisely such a plan, beginning with a national economic council and including a board of strategy and planning, a system of syndicated corporations, and a means for carrying the plan as a whole into execution.

The two elements that seem of unique value are, first Mr. Beard's use of the cultural perspective, and second, his projection of the skeleton of an actual plan. He, unlike many others, recognizes that economic reasoning, if it is to remain realistic, must be accompanied by cultural logic. Analogies drawn between two cultural systems existing on different levels of economic time are not merely without logical merit but lead to distortions and deceptions of a most subtle variety. Thus, the planning equation of Russia, standing at the threshold of technological industrial production, and that of America, standing near the end of one phase of that process, are incommensurable. Our plan, must, to be workable, proceed from our objective situation and must utilize the ways of our folk. At the same time, it does not appear to me to be necessary to minimize the Russian performance or to speak of it as a transfer from Marx to Taylor. The technological-industrial world grows toward a pattern and Russia will take its place within that configuration and much sooner than we may now be able to forecast; the Russian and the American equations of economic planning will eventually coalesce, and if the technological-industrial system is to endure, the final equation will be one involving world perspectives. In short, my position is that Russian and American planning stand far apart both as problem and as reflection, and are at present scarcely comparable, but that they will ultimately need to be considered as parts of the same whole—and we may as well begin to accustom ourselves to this problem-as-a-whole emergence.

One wishes that Editor Beard had enlisted collaborators who might have elaborated and given more substance to his two major points; the result would have been something fresh and invigorating. The present volume is fairly dull, except when Mr. Beard is on the stage. Its first part is arbitrarily called "the new intellectual and moral climate" and contains criticisms, analyses, descriptions of cause, et cetera, only two of which seem to me to possess cogency and exceptional merit, namely those of President Nicholas Murray Butler and Andre Maurois. The second part proceeds under the slightly immodest title of "blueprints for a planned economy"; here one encounters material of tougher fibre and a diminution of those beguiling generalizations which have already reduced planning discussions to the level of evangelistic sermons. One finds, for example, Mr. Beard's general outline of a plan, the so-called Swope Plan, the Chamber of Commerce Plan, the American Federation of Labor Plan, the plans of the LaFollette brothers, et cetera. It is, perhaps, slightly misleading to call all of these projections plans, as though any paper formulation looking toward integration in industry constituted a plan. Reasoning of this sort is not merely too easy but is likely to precipitate an eventual mood which may become a barrier to the real planning program.

In summary one is compelled to insist that this work represents another preliminary approach to the economic crisis. The real problem, both as philosophy and as technics, still confronts us, and we shall need to draw heavily, in the future, upon Mr. Beard's realistic insights, his fine logic, and his reassuring enthusiasm.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
New York School of Social Work

Mad Year

1919, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. 472 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

NO one but John Dos Passos should review this book.

In it he has isolated one mad year out of American history and illuminated that year with the red light of numberless bonfires and beacons, and with a dozen revolving searchlights.

The fires blaze and die. Faces stand out clearly for an instant, then fade into darkness.

The searchlights wheel and cross and mingle. Their pitiless glare sweeps over steeples and garbage cans, boulevards and alleys, temples and brothels.

A newsreel of catchwords, headlines and slogans flickers intermittently. A camera clicks steadily through the year, recording a series of clear-cut, vivid photographs.

There is an occasional condensed and masterly biography of a great man whose life profoundly influenced that mad year.

It is impossible to read or review it dispassionately. You will either hate it or live it as you read: delirium, aspiration, hope, defeat, lust, love, disillusionment.

This is exhausting. It is equally exhausting to try to follow the story. For there is a story, woven of those moving streams of light that are really a series of personalities.

But the story isn't what you keep afterwards. You keep a brilliant medley of heat and glare and color. Isolated sentences stand out clearly in your mind:

> They'd all be decent if they had a chance. We'd be just like them if we hadn't been lucky enough to be born of decent families in small prosperous American towns. . . .
>
> From down towards the Battery came the sound of a military band playing "Keep the Home Fires . . . Burning." It was hard to keep from walking in step to the music. . . .
>
> But damn it, they've got all the machine guns in the world, all the printing presses, lineotypes, tickerribbon, curling irons, plush, horses, Ritz, we—you—I? barehands, a few songs, not very good songs, *plutot le geste proletaire*. . . .

Out of the confusion in which you close the book ideas rise and take orderly place. You have relived a fever dream that you once shared and had almost forgotten. Old prophesies raise their heads. . . . Old hopes that we thought were dead, smothered in a surfeit of false prosperity or kicked to death in alleys . . . old songs. . . .

But as I said at the beginning, it defies the stereotyped technique of orderly paragraphs. No one but John Dos Passos should review it.

HELEN CODY BAKER
Council of Social Agencies, Chicago

Vision of a New Day

SUCCESSFUL LIVING IN THIS MACHINE AGE, *by Edward A. Filene. Simon & Schuster. 274 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE thesis of this book is that the technique of mass production is the technique of successful living in the Machine Age—"the age in which the prosperity of each of us depends so vitally upon the prosperity of all." As a starting point, however, mass production is carefully defined as "production for the masses," which the author holds "is not standardizing human life," but rather "liberating the masses . . . from the strug-

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gle for mere existence and enabling them, for the first time in human history, to give their attention to more distinctly human problems."

This thesis may seem to cover a good deal of territory, but the author tackles his subject, chapter by chapter, in workmanlike, effective fashion. With a style that is beautifully clear and succinct, Mr. Filene (and his collaborator, Charles W. Wood) shows how mass production, as he defines it, would affect the many phases of modern life. For instance, on the much discussed problem of unemployment, the author says:

> It seems to me, then, that wise business men, instead of wasting their energy in a die-hard campaign against the "dole," will face the facts, accept some sort of state unemployment insurance as inevitable, and bend their efforts toward securing legislation designed to do the greatest amount of good and the least amount of harm. My suggestion is that they work for an unemployment insurance act which will give employers the option of taking out state insurance or of developing an insurance system in their own establishments which will grant benefits equal in every way to those granted by the state. . . . The tendency then, we may be sure, would be for employers, as fast as they woke up to the real situation, to discard the state insurance and undertake the responsibility themselves. And that is about all that is needed for a solution of the unemployment problem. When all employers wake up and accept their responsibility, the problem will be solved. And those who do not wake up will cease to be employers.

There are equally forthright discussions of mass production and housing, the future of agriculture and other social-economic problems.

Toward the end of the book are these significant words:

> I am not moralizing. I am not idealizing. I am not suggesting that business men must rise above temptations, or that they should give more heed to the rights of humanity. I am suggesting simply that they can not be successful in this new world by planning their business with reference to a world that has passed away. They need not bother with the rights of humanity, but they must bother with its buying power. They may have any ideas they wish as to what people ought to be, but if they are to do any business, they must do it with people as they are. . . . Business can serve the masses. It can employ the masses and, if it understands the nature of the new social set-up, it can sell to the masses all that it employs the masses to create.

I have no doubt that by now the reader has become disgusted with this uncritical review. It is, you are saying, only a mass (you see, the virus has attacked my vocabulary!) of quotations without comment. It is my contention that basically there is nothing in the book to criticize. Which is a cold way of saying that few can read it without succumbing to its logic and its persuasiveness with enthusiasm.

There is one glaring misstatement. Mr. Filene says: "I am a business man, not a philosopher." Mr. Filene is both a successful business man and a profound philosopher. It may easily be that in this book we have recorded, for the first time, a clarified vision of what we would like to believe is a new day in industry.

ERNEST G. DRAPER

New York City

Trotsky as Historian

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. Volume I: The Overthrow of Tsarism, *by Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. 522 pp. Price $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WHETHER the exile of Trotsky was a matter of political expediency or not, his loss to Soviet Russia as a writer is irremediable. There is absolutely no one among his contemporaries to combine so happily brilliance with erudition, keen analysis with grace of style, devastating wit with urbanity. In the past he was rivaled perhaps by Alexander Herzen and by George Plekhanov—in his younger days. What a pity that Trotsky is not at home, within the Party, if only in the role of appraiser and alert critic, as a relief from the unimaginative Hosannah howlers!

The first volume of Trotsky's History covers the earlier period of the Revolution, till the end of June, that is to say, the preludial stages of the real Revolution. Although this period has been adequately discussed by other writers, Trotsky contributes a number of valuable points. Above all he makes one visualize the growth of mass consciousness, both at the front and in the rear. It becomes conclusively evident that only Lenin and his few, all too few, adherents had from the beginning a correct understanding of the state of affairs. Trotsky emphasizes, perhaps a bit chucklingly, the loneliness of Lenin in those early days when his directness and intransigence frightened and alienated Kamenev, Zinoviev, Stalin, Rykov and other pillars. Lenin and Trotsky were the only prominent revolutionists to advocate from the start the seizure of power by the Soviets. They were pooh-poohed and anathematized as madmen and demagogues and anarchists and German agents, not only by bourgeois politicians and journalists but by the overwhelming majority of the Soviets, the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionists. These theoreticians quibbled and fussed about historical precedents and party doctrines and overlooked the elephant—the impatiently rising masses.

To his mastery in marshalling pertinent facts and lending them a convex clarity, Trotsky adds an enviable dexterity in dialectic reasoning. Marxian throughout, he is free from the deadly doctrinairism of Kautsky and the Mensheviks. If facts disagree with the Marx-Engels formula of seventy-five years ago, Trotsky is not constrained to paraphrase a certain pope and exclaim, "So much the worse for the facts!" His Marxism is as flexible as a rapier. He has no difficulty in reconciling economic determinism with the emergence of such personalities as Lenin. As to historical laws and precedents, he adroitly subjects them to the "universal law of unevenness," or the law of "combined development." Thus he explains the peculiarities in Russia's revolutionary process by the combination of such paradoxes as the general backwardness of the country with an unprecedented swiftness in the growth of big industries. The overthrow of a medieval autocracy was not followed, as in other countries, by the rise of middle-class democracy, but it precipitated a leap into Sovietism.

Trotsky avoids direct mention of his own part in the events; he speaks of himself in the third person, quoting other writers, most often his enemies. He will find this method far more difficult to follow in the subsequent volumes. One hopes, indeed, that he will not permit undue modesty to push into the background his highly significant personality.

University of California ALEXANDER KAUN

Whom We Delight to Honor

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *by Silas Bent. Vanguard Press. 354 pp. Price $4.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ATHENIANS wearied of hearing Aristides called The Just. And the lyric, sometimes almost dithyrambic, chorus in praise of Oliver Wendell Holmes stirs up a little sympathy with the ancient Greeks. Yet no one wants to have the jurist banished, and all hope he will live among us for as many years as he wishes to enjoy the "little finishing canter before coming to a standstill—to hear the kind voice of friends." It is evidence of soundness at the core of America that so large a number delight to honor a man who stands eminently for spiritual rather than for the material values which Americans are said to exalt.

Mr. Bent's biography is timely. Though it leaves the reader to pick out nuggets of events from the bulky matrix of descriptions of mental and moral qualities, it is interesting. The reader might be happier with a thinner volume and different proportions of narrative and praise. A lawyer is likely to have his own thought about the mental processes of a judge formulating opinions in cases, and a layman does not in the least care what the processes are.

That Oliver Wendell Holmes should find the world a place of struggle requiring the philosophy of tough-mindedness, which his friend William James preached, speaks eloquently. If he, born into a group of Back Bay Bostonians, who were powerful enough to pluck and bestow where they would the plums of fortune, found struggle the essential thing of experience, what of those less fortunately placed? Yet the career of Holmes, the energies he exercised, the things

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he chose to strive for, show him the kind of an aristocrat that enriches the nation. Would that we had more like him!

A lawyer's life does not lend itself to biography. Holmes himself was well aware of this when he said, "Since 1865 there hasn't been any biographical detail." The life of a lawyer, whether of the bar or the bench, is a life of the mind (of sorts), and on the whole rather a good sort. It has no events of its own of interest to the general reader. If the lawyer has taken part in the trials of people with picturesque events the color of their lives may be brushed on a canvas of what purports to be his life. After the Civil War, in which Holmes bore himself so gallantly that the reader feels a vicarious pride in being of the same nation, the career of the much-loved Justice was not vivid. Its coloring was rich, but one hard to present in words. Mr. Bent had a difficult task. Many will be grateful to him for undertaking it and performing it so well.

HASTINGS LYON

New York City

Plans Aplenty

A BASIS FOR STABILITY, *by Samuel Crowther in collaboration with others. Little, Brown. 360 pp. Price* $3.

INVESTING IN WAGES—*A plan for eliminating the lean years, by Albert L. Deane and Henry Kittredge Norton. Macmillan. 155 pp. Price* $1.75.

JOBS, MACHINES, AND CAPITALISM, *by Arthur Dahlberg. Macmillan. 244 pp. Price* $3.

NEW ROADS TO PROSPERITY, *by Paul M. Mazur. Viking Press. 194 pp. Price* $2.

THE OLNEY REDMOND PLAN, *by Olney Redmond. Published by the author. 287 pp. Price* $2.

PATHWAYS BACK TO PROSPERITY, *by Charles Whiting Baker. Funk & Wagnalls. 351 pp. Price* $2.50.

THE SWOPE PLAN, *by Gerard Swope. Edited by Frederick J. George. Business Bourse. 221 pp. Price* $3.50.

TOMORROW'S ROUTE, *A Critical Analysis of the Swope Plan, by John R. Hall. Price 20c.*

POVERTY IN PLENTY, *by J. A. Hobson. Macmillan. 92 pp. Price* $1.25.

BRITISH TRADE AND INDUSTRY: PAST AND FUTURE, *by G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. 466 pp. Price* $5.

POOR OLD COMPETITION, *by Stuart Chase. League of Industrial Democracy. 36 pp. Price 10c.*

THE ROAD AHEAD, *by Harry Laidler. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 86 pp. Price* $1.

THE PARADOX OF PLENTY, *by Harper Leech. McGraw-Hill. 203 pp. Price* $2.50.

A FLOOD of literature has been introduced upon economic planning. It seems that every business man with a big idea and a few hundred dollars will get his planning book published even though commercial publishers hesitate to handle it. A survey, therefore, of the literature in the field necessarily covers many books and a wide range of ideas.

Taken as a whole the literature indicates great confusion. One writer blames overproduction; another underconsumption; one writer argues that there has been too much government interference, another argues that there has been too little. Opposing the argument that we have experienced a too rapid technological advance, we find the demand for increased industrial efficiency. Over-saving is blamed for the depression by some, whereas others tell us that we are suffering the consequence of a spree of money-spending. Some argue that the depression is caused by unwise credit expansion, while others tell us that credit contraction produced the depression. Some tell us that the system as a whole is fundamentally sound; others say that we cannot meet our basic problems until a new social order is ushered in. In fact there is literature to support anybody's theory for the cause of the present business depression and enough different and contradictory plans to satisfy any eccentric advocate of reform.

Mr. Crowther's book, A Basis for Stability, is a result of collaboration with twenty-one leaders in representative American industries, including Henry Ford, Myron C. Taylor, Martin J. Insull, and Richard F. Whitney, each discussing the problems of his industry. It can hardly be maintained that this book makes any significant contribution to current thought. Mr. Crowther looks upon the industrial world and sees that it is fundamentally good; reform or improve our system of credit and our troubles will disappear.

Investing in Wages, by Albert L. Deane and Henry Kittredge Norton, suggests a variant of unemployment insurance. Under a federal statute, employers or workers would contribute 1 per cent of payroll to a fund, which would be used to pay half-time wages of the idle-time of workers not fully employed. Business men would notify a state board of the number of men required for each succeeding week. If the employer's demand for labor was 10 per cent of the total demand, he would be assigned 10 per cent of supply to divide the work between them.

Mr. Dahlberg, in Jobs, Machines, and Capitalism, has a very simple remedy. It would require only one law. With certain minor exceptions he would compel all business and industrial enterprises to operate only four hours a day, thus increasing the scarcity of labor, the wages of labor, decrease the return of ownership, the funds for new investments, increase the efficiency of industry, and stabilize the purchasing power of the masses.

Paul M. Mazur in New Roads to Prosperity urges man to look within himself and not at the system for the explanation of the present depression and for a method of reconstruction. Reluctantly he admits the need for some sort of governmental control and suggests a National Economic Council to conduct economic research and publish opinions.

Olney Redmond, a successful business man, would establish a board whose function would be to create jobs as rapidly as technological change and business fluctuation produces unemployment. The immediate step would be a federal government issue of four billion dollars in bonds for public works, the bonds to be retired by "tolls to be charged on the Pullman-Progress-Prosperity-Express Boulevards," etc.

Charles Whiting Baker's book, Pathways Back to Prosperity, advocates unemployment insurance, bimetallism, taxes on liquor and beer, decentralization of industry, and the loosening of credit.

THE Swope Plan by Gerard Swope provides for compulsory membership of businesses hiring fifty or more workers in trade associations; and compulsory disability, life, and unemployment insurance for workers. Essentially each industry becomes quasi-autonomous; the individual business is made subject to the rules of the trade association to which it belongs. Questions that arise with respect to the plan are many. What about plants with less than fifty employes? In many cases the output of these plants can disturb the market seriously. How would the plan work in a market where goods are sold on the basis of competitive advertising and salesmanship? How would the plan work if technological change seriously threatened the welfare of certain members of a trade association who are not in a position to scrap existing production methods? If trade associations attempt to assign quotas of production to the manufacturer, on what basis are they to be assigned? How will the manufacturers, as members of their trade associations, and retailers, as members of their particular association, and the interest of those outside of both associations, iron out their differences?

It would seem that the Swope Plan will either be meaningless or it will have to develop into a widespread planned economy. This calls for government action. The role of the government under Mr. Swope's plan is usually described by the word supervision. Quite obviously this supervision will have to be something more than mere "looking over by the government." The plan really advocates coercion in the form of a broom-handle, but the problems suggest that to attain the ends he has in mind, the plan will need later either a sledge hammer or an axe.

Tomorrow's Route by John R. Hall criticizes the Swope Plan because it violates the American principle of free enterprise, and would require a change in the constitution. Mr. Hall would stabilize business by having corporations at their own volition extend the reserves for the profits to include wages.

Our economic problems, according to J. A. Hobson in his Poverty in Plenty, are due to the injustice of the distribution of income between individuals, classes, and nations; neither personal costs, nor efforts, nor needs, nor stimulus to efficient performance govern the division. Correct the inequities under the modern system of capitalism and you will alleviate the problems of stoppage.

Cole's book, British Trade and Industry: Past and Future, traces the growth of British trade and industry from about 1700 to the middle of 1931. As background and comparative material much information is given about other countries. By implication, the whole treatment is an argument for the neces-

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sity of planning. Specifically he concludes that the planlessness of the capitalistic development before the War was responsible for the recurring depressions which marred the economic life of the world, and that after the War, planlessness has brought about conditions so serious, that capitalism will be unable to set things right again. So ultimately the world must turn to socialism to get a workable plan. His earlier book, The Next Ten Years in British Social and Economic Policy, represents the author's idea of what should be done in Great Britain.

Poor Old Competition by Stuart Chase is a pamphlet with thirty-one pages (net) of facts and comments about competition written in pungent style. If you are one of those who still believe in free competition don't read it. If you do, every time you think of it you'll reach for an aspirin tablet.

In The Road Ahead Harry W. Laidler gives us a primer for children of from ten to fourteen years on the topic of socialism. This is a charming little book full of thoughts for those who are beginning to wonder what the machine is doing to our society, whether such persons be children or adults. Mr. Laidler knows how to write a language which is both accurate and popular; his illustrations are picturesque and close to the experience of the reader. This book frankly meets the common charges leveled at socialism and answers them in a tone of sincerity and reason that is very convincing. Perhaps, also, it will raise some serious doubts in the minds of a few readers as to how far social planning is possible in a private profit-seeking society.

The Paradox of Plenty suggests that all the above discussion on planning is somewhat aside from the point. Mr. Leech believes that the widespread use of cheap electric energy is about to usher in a new, different world with a social and political life as unlike the present as the present capitalistic world is unlike feudalism. In this new world there will be universal prosperity, peace, and plenty and a new security and freedom for the individual. This new world, presumably, will come about through natural adaptation. But such was the faith of the early prophets who extolled the virtue of the incoming machine and steam-power.

WILLARD E. ATKINS

New York University

What Chance Have Women?

THE BIOLOGICAL TRAGEDY OF WOMAN, *by Anton Nemilov, translated from the Russian by Stephanie Ofental. Covici Friede. 220 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE ART OF BEING A WOMAN, *by Olga Knopf. Little Brown. 307 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THESE books deal with the ever-renewing problem of women from the standpoint of two modern sciences, biology and psychology. Both alike stress her handicaps. For the rest, no two books could be more different.

Dr. Nemilov, writing from Soviet Russia, traces the physical life of woman from the cradle to the grave and finds in it, after the first years of childhood, just an unrelieved and inescapable tragedy. His conception of tragedy seems to be anything that prevents a woman from living as he thinks she wants to, namely like a man. He does not consider that woman's peculiar biological structure may coincide with an essential difference in nature, nor does the fact that many women think themselves happy in their fate mitigate the blackness, for that is only the illusion by which nature fools them. His really extensive biological scholarship is all mobilized in the service of such a sensationally lurid story of physiological bondage that one can hardly believe he is quite serious. He treats woman as if she were a man burdened by a biological liability, but in every other respect man's equal and indeed identical with him.

DR. KNOPF agrees to this extent. She says: "The psychological differences of the two sexes are entirely artificial. This book will try to prove without qualification that there are no natural or inborn differences between the two sexes." Even "the physiological differences between the two sexes are by no means as great as they are commonly supposed to be . . . differences that play no direct part in the development of character." The determining factor in making women different from men is the attitude of society. Ours is a patriarchal civilization, men are regarded as superior, and from birth girls are considered and consider themselves as inferior. Indeed, "in our present culture we may almost call it an organic imperfection to be born a woman." And as Dr. Knopf follows Adler in taking superiority as the goal of everyone under all circumstances, the importance of this social attitude as a handicap to women cannot be overrated. "We must state once and for all that at no time and in no way in our own culture have women had the same opportunities as men." Even if the opportunity seemed to be open, there was always the damaging reservation about her capacity.

Dr. Knopf's book is a careful application of Adlerian psychology to women. All the Adlerian mechanisms for the attainment of a false sense of prestige are astutely worked out in the major situations of a woman's life. A strong commonsense makes this book useful in showing up neurotic power manifestations in the camouflaged forms of general feminine experience. Courage, a real liking to be a woman (and on Dr. Knopf's terms it would take considerable courage for that!) and an ability to cooperate are the remedies which she suggests. And these though good, seem a little thin and uninspiring as a way out. There are many nuggets of real wisdom throughout. But it is my belief that no book on woman will be satisfying unless it is based on a discrimination and valuation of that which in woman is specifically feminine.

New York City ELEANOR BERTINE, M.D.

Doctor's Choice

HOSPITAL, *by Rhoda Truax. Dutton. 312 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

"HOSPITAL" is the heroine of this story—not merely the actual interconnected group of buildings on a hill where Steele and Alfred worked and Delia's mother was a patient, but the glamor of the ideal which proved both brighter and safer for Steele than marriage to the woman he loved. The two, he believed, were not compatible. His friend Pete married pretty little Thelma from Alabama, and when the prized hospital appointment was within his reach he turned shamefacedly away because Thelma was lonely without her folks, didn't like to have him called away nights, and wanted to go back to the town where Pete could take over the safely remunerative, if prosaic, practice of her uncle. Though in time he came to realize that Pete had married Thelma because he was that kind of a person, Steele refused to envisage for himself this compromise or any compromise, in fact; life with Delia would have been very different in quality from the kind of kindergarten atmosphere that Thelma imposed on her environment.

Miss Truax has given for the small self-bounded world of a hospital the kind of inside picture that Sinclair Lewis drew in another field of medical service in Arrowsmith, with the same sort of conflict of ideal and actual, of personalities, and the striving for professional integrity. But her book is not derivative. It is both honest and individual. I know of nothing else in fiction that has caught so exactly that sense of hushed footfalls and pervasive smells, that mixture of callousness and kindness (and perhaps above all cleanliness!) which is a hospital. There is one description of an operation which—believe it or not—is so engrossing as to be entirely pleasant. The characters—nurses, doctors, social workers, patients and visitors, seem to me to ring true. Beyond that there is the suspense of a good story. Whatever the Delias think, no hospital executive could fail to wish that more Steeles were around to be affixed firmly to the staff.

MARY ROSS

BOOKSHELF

Books may be obtained at the prices given, postpaid of Survey Graphic

THE SHADOW OF THE POPE, *by Michael Williams. Whittlesey House. 329 pp. Price $3.*

A RUNNING record of anti-Catholic propaganda, centering, of course, about the Ku Klux Klan and the Hoover-Smith presidential campaign. Profusely illustrated with facsimiles of Klan and other literature. Mr. Williams is editor of The Commonweal.

JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES, *by Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press. 382 pp. Price $3.*

THE third of a trilogy on Jesus by this author. The first dealt with the historicity of Jesus; the second with his bi-

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ography; and this one tells what has been done to him since his death, by his followers. Critical, exact, historical, and not easy to read.

LOOKING FORWARD, *by Nicolas Murray Butler. Scribner. 393 pp. Price $2.*

DR. BUTLER is probably the outstanding American exponent of international cooperation and brotherhood. This theme runs through the majority of the addresses gathered in this volume. All are thought-provoking, scholarly, forceful pronouncements upon international affairs or economic, social, or political problems. These papers eminently testify to Dr. Butler's erudition, his interest in world affairs, and his ability as a constructive thinker.

PAST YEARS, *by Sir Oliver Lodge. Macmillan. Price $3.50.*

THE many who think of Lodge as a rather gullible psychic researcher, and the few who know him also as a physicist of the first rank and one of the forerunners of modern radio, will alike find much to interest them even in this rather badly written account of his not very exciting life. A great popularizer of science, Lodge has no particular literary facility, but despite this a certain quaint and touching quality emerges in his book. The short chapter, Scientific Retrospect, is of particular interest, and there are numerous sidelights valuable to the sociologist, the psychologist, and the historian, as well as to the physicist and the student of so-called psychic phenomena.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, *by Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. Harpers. 225 pp. Price $2.50.*

VERY few Americans know anything about Edwards other than his insistence upon a literal fiery hell. Yet, he appears to have made a greater cultural contribution to our life than any other Colonial American, with the possible exception of Franklin. Mr. McGiffert characterizes him as an earlier William James. Evangelist he was, and pastor, and teacher, and scholar. Social worker, too—since he was chiefly responsible for the cessation of the intolerable exploitation of the Berkshire Hills Indians. But above all, he was interested in reducing the case material of his parish to ordered philosophy. An interesting passage deals with Edwards' efforts to make reason and logic out of the theological excesses of his day. McGiffert, fortunately, is not too rigidly historical. Better read this if you like biography and history.

RADIUM

(*Continued from page* 140)

news that the "five women doomed to die" had outlived the prophesy. Some of the accounts, however, implied that the radium cases were nothing more than a fraudulent scheme to get money from the radium company.

The end of the year found me very much interested in writing. As I had only a grammar-school education, I felt the need of pursuing some studies in English. I could not go to school, and so the home study courses at Columbia University seemed just the thing to fill my needs and I was accepted as a student in a college preparatory department.

In the fall Mrs. McDonald died. I went to her home to offer my sympathies to her family. Quinta was the second in the family to die with radium poisoning. A third sister, Mrs. Larice, also a sufferer from the strange malady, sat in a state of collapse in an easy chair among the mourners. I returned once more to the rest home in Caldwell, to find forgetfulness and to continue my studies.

For a time I succeeded in losing myself entirely in my lessons and my writing. A friend, a writer, suggested that the story of my experience would furnish good material for a book. It would mean a great deal of work, I knew, to attempt a book, but keeping occupied has been very helpful in my long illness. I finished my work in English in seven months, and I had completed my other courses and written the first draft of my book at the end of the year.

But there were more difficulties ahead. My left knee lost most of the little motion still remaining. An accident, caused

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by the weakness of the joint, sent me to the hospital for many, many months. I was discouraged in having a new problem to deal with. While my physical condition was quite bad, weakened nerves exaggerated all my troubles. The pleasant environment of the Orthopaedic Hospital in Orange did much to alleviate my suffering. Occupational therapy in the mornings was a happy time. There were games for the youngsters. The older boys and girls and the adults made reed baskets, smoking stands, serving trays and footstools. For those who preferred needlework, there were the Currier and Ives prints. I did one of these prints called American Homestead—Spring. In my dejection of spirit I tried so hard to keep up my work of forming the little French knots which represented the blossoms on the trees. Often I failed and felt that I might never finish the simple task. I finally succeeded in finishing the print, and my efforts were well rewarded: the profound depression from which I had been suffering was relieved.

When Dr. Humphries of the Orange Orthopaedic Hospital returned from his vacation in September I expected that he would remove the plaster cast from my leg. He deferred the procedure, however, and then I learned that I was not to leave the hospital at that time. The brace which I knew had been ordered for me was not made for walking as I had expected. A lump came into my throat as the doctor fastened on my leg the strange contrivance that would confine me to my bed so much longer. I cried a little bit, but my faith consoled me. I had been given my cross, and I was going to smile through it.

After waiting what seemed eternities, I finally left the hospital in February and went to a private sanitarium in Roseland, N. J. Here I was able to be outdoors more, and here I hoped to finish my book.

People often ask me questions which I cannot answer. They want to know what the doctors say about my condition and if there is any hope. It is difficult for me to make any definite statements in regard to this matter, because I am not solicitous about the future. My knee has improved in some respects. I am able to walk a little with the assistance of a brace and a cane.

Although the radium company pays my expenses at the present time, I have spent almost all of the money received from them three years ago in an attempt to regain my lost health. If for some reason this privilege has been denied me, I have been granted another priceless gift—I have found happiness.

It is my ambition to continue writing. It has been my purpose and my job to be of service to others, if only in the small measure permitted me. It is my hope that I may remain well enough to provide some comforts for a loved one who has suffered much because of this tragedy. My great consolation has been my faith in an omnipotent God. And I have had the privilege of meeting through this adventure those whose lives are devoted to the service of others.

STARS AND STRIPES AND ROYAL PALM

(*Continued from page* 123)

Columbus landed in Porto Rico, which has never been celebrated in Porto Rico and in Spain, a committee of students demanded a holiday. Upon refusal they broke up schoolrooms, drove out teachers and children and destroyed property. As this deliberate stirring up of hatred for personal or political ends is growing worse, the people of continental America should be made aware of it. During the past holiday season, one political party petitioned the rulers of the new republican Spain for the reunion of Porto Rico with Spain. Their argument was that the separation had been occasioned because of royalist Spain, and now that Spain had become a republic, Porto Rico should be reunited. Among non-politicians, comment was that not one out of one hundred thousand but what would consider such a proposal pure madness: that the last to countenance such a move would be the recent emigrants from Spain who through their industry had profited most by the broader economic unity given in cooperation with the States. This has been one of the trying political elements in the situation which no doubt led Governor Roosevelt to his final and regrettable resignation, for the problem still remains with us.

Seven little rebels are the Peruginis

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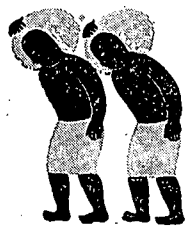

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BANKER CONTROL OF COMMUNITY CHESTS

(*Continued from page* 119)

ilies in want of the necessaries of life. They irritate the financial group by going farther and advocating unemployment insurance as a way to spread the risk and head off some of the distress when times are hard.

These differences will not be resolved without damage to the cause of social work. Many a well meaning volunteer will turn away rebuffed in his effort to render his community a service. And more than a few social workers will suffer defeat and discouragement before they will surrender what they conceive to be the principles of their profession.

But however dark the situation may seem at present, there is no ground for permanent discouragement. Signs of truce are in the air. Settlement houses and young people's associations are pooling their facilities and their man-power to give the people out of work, especially the teen-age folk who are idle, a chance at wholesome entertainment and occupation in spare hours. In this way they render direct aid to the relief agencies. Executive boards have ordered pro rata cuts in agency budgets, only to rescind their action at the instance of hard-working budget committees. It is reason that has won the victory. Some social-work pay has been cut "because everybody else is being cut;" but several Chests that have started out with this conviction, have withdrawn their action after study of the intricacies of social-agency payrolls. As the depression wears on and the social breakage piles up, Chest controls are glad enough to admit the necessity of public appropriations for relief. Even federal grants-in-aid are not beyond the realm of reason. As the basic trouble is a deficiency of common understanding of the real problem, tribulation will finally bring the minds of the control group and the professional worker together.

THE Community Chest, taken together with the Central Council of Social Agencies, represents the physical expression of that great need of the new city for a coordinator in its welfare planning. In whatever form we may find it for the moment, in its essentials it will abide. The banker himself is far from hopeless. He is a money-getter by profession, but in his ranks are some of the best thinkers in the nation. He may yet come to see that the welfare of the whole people will not advance so long as the individual looks solely to his own personal advantage, and depends upon charity to look after the underprivileged. He is bound to see in time that the real citizen is a person of obligations no less than rights, and that highly urbanized life, where millions of individuals must live on the chance opportunity of the job instead of on the soil, cannot be protected and afforded a real place in the sun without carefully engineered community planning in the interests of the common welfare. When he sees these things, he will be traveling more nearly shoulder to shoulder with the professional thinker.

And the professional social worker for his part is becoming daily better trained to observe the horizon of his vocation. He is beginning to see that the general public and especially the financial control that feeds his enterprise, must be convinced of the worth of these efforts before real progress in planning is practicable. He must be patient with conservative thinking about soupkitchens and breadlines, wholesale Christmas baskets and the like. It is his business not only to engineer the plan but also to create the setting for its acceptance by the public. From an early stage, in which the social worker has been practically inarticulate, he is coming now to a strength in interpretation that is attracting the attention even of the highly skilled advertising expert.

Civilized man, victim of his own Machine Age, is standing at the parting of the ways. Either he must adapt his industrial system to the well-being of the whole of his social order, as against a small privileged class, or else this same system will destroy society. It is wholly practicable for the right application to be made. Leaders of industry are coming slowly to see that the greatest social service to man is in the end the most profitable business. The attitude of the professional thinker is the point of view of a rapidly growing body of

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citizens who take a long look ahead and give serious thought to our future. Whatever the quarrels of the moment may be between these points of view, they must resolve themselves in the end in favor of common understanding.

JOHN BROWN'S BURDEN

(*Continued from page* 142)

income. Yet, at the time of his discharge, he had total debts amounting to only sixty dollars; and during the period of idleness, he had obtained help from welfare agencies amounting to only seven dollars and fifty cents. Outside of the fact that he had a larger family than some of the others, his case is fairly typical.

Needless to say, people in this low-income group had managed to do little saving as such. They did, however, make provisions for their future in the way of life insurance and some in an effort to own their own dwellings. Only twenty-five out of one hundred and forty-four reported that they had had no life insurance prior to discharge. The amounts the others carried ranged from two hundred and ninety-five to nine thousand dollars. Fifty-two, or slightly more than one third, reported that they had disposed of part or all of their life insurance during the period of unemployment.

Twenty-nine per cent either owned or were buying their homes. Fifteen families lost homes in which they had equities ranging from four hundred dollars to seventy-nine hundred dollars. The latter figure represented the loss of a man whose normal salary before discharge had been one hundred and sixty dollars a month, who had held the same position for four years, and who had a family of four children. Only one of those who lost his home had a monthly income of more than two hundred dollars.

Money in savings banks or invested in securities constituted but a slender reserve against emergencies such as unemployment. The largest sum reported was seven hundred dollars. Savings accounts seemed to bear no relation to the size of the family. From the small number of families reporting, one can conclude neither that people with large families do not save because they have no margin for that purpose, nor that they do save as a protection against the future. Likewise, one cannot conclude that those with small families use their margins in this way. Only thirty of one hundred and forty-four families had savings accounts prior to unemployment and these were, in the main, for comparatively small amounts.

That drastic changes had to be made in living arrangements is indicated by the fact that 40 per cent of the reporting families moved while they were without wages. The reasons given in most cases were loss of home, dispossession because of inability to pay rent, and necessity for reducing rent. Not all of those who moved actually succeeded in reducing rentals; some, dispossessed, had to take the first shelter they could find even though it might be at a higher price; while others purposely moved to larger and more expensive quarters in the hope that they might be equipped to produce income through taking roomers and boarders. Most people, however, moved to some real financial saving, obtaining monthly reductions in rent ranging from two dollars to forty dollars.

LESS than half of those reporting had any instalment contracts pending at the time of layoff, and those that had were committed for comparatively small amounts. Some of these families lost the goods they had been buying on instalments. Five had to give up furniture, six lost automobiles, two lost radios, and one each an electric washer and a victrola. Most of those reporting instalment debts admitted that they had not been able to keep up payments while unemployed, but in most cases repossessions were not made on this account.

It is possible that in the matter of instalment purchases these families were not quite typical of the average. It must be remembered that each had been granted a loan before the questionnaire was filled in. It follows, therefore, that each had passed a rigid examination as to his financial habits and probable ability to repay his loan. During this test most families which behaved improvidently would have been eliminated and denied the funds for which they made application. However, one cannot conclude otherwise than that, even for this carefully selected group, the instalment (*Continued on page* 160)

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(*Continued from page* 159) buying privilege was being used only with moderation.

The questionnaire did not reveal in a satisfactory manner the total amount of indebtedness at the end of the period of unemployment. Only two families reported debts other than instalments, totaling more than one thousand dollars. Sixty-five per cent had bills amounting to two hundred dollars or less. Such debts, however, did not include mortgages on homes being purchased for the reason that only such portions were listed as were already due and unpaid. Most applicants desired to borrow to pay off small bills that accumulated with retail merchants, and loans from friends and relatives.

Only 37 per cent received aid from charitable organizations. This ranged all the way from gifts of food to weekly allowances. Such help was comparatively rare among small families. Friends and relatives aided over 40 per cent, supplying many with board, lodging and clothing, and giving others substantial monetary loans. A few families were able to borrow small sums from banks, several went to pawn brokers. An occasional one managed to eke out a living by going into a simple business. One family raised chickens and got an average of sixty dollars a month from that venture; a carpenter and a painter each accepted odd jobs; a laborer advertised himself as a "handyman" and in that capacity earned on an average approximately as much as he had received from the position he lost; and one enterprising husband and wife started a small grocery store which at the time of their report was meeting with considerable success.

One other thing we wanted to learn was how John Brown had gone about finding a new job. Was he willing to pay the fees commercial employment agencies asked, or was he going to rely on his own efforts to pick up something that would do? In general the questionnaire revealed that he had not been willing to go to a place that would cost him money. Even an agency that did not collect its fee until after the job had been secured was asking too much to be added to all the other debts that must be paid out of the first pay envelopes. Only four in the group secured work through an employment agency of any type. Not half of the men had registered with one, no matter whether free or paid, commercially run or operated by the government. Several applied at every agency within reach, and some declared such registration to be utterly useless.

SO John and all the other unemployed like him tried their friends, relatives, trade unions; they tramped miles each day to make personal inquiry at plants; they cultivated and used "political pull"; they answered want ads. Each of these sources had helped one man or another to get his job back—or something to take its place.

Meanwhile, during the out-of-work period they had sustained losses of a sort which those who speak of the burden of hard times so often fail to appreciate. With their new footing, reemployed, they pledged earnings far into the future to pay bills they had been forced to incur. The 164 families studied lost approximately $130,000 in wages; thirty of them sacrificed nearly $6000 in savings; fifty-two gave up life insurance policies with a maturity value totaling over $100,000; fifteen lost homes toward the ownership of which they had actually paid over $37,000. Together, the group borrowed $30,000 on the security of future wages to pay off small and urgent debts. So much for the immediate cost which this particular study revealed. There were other debts, both past and future, not mentioned and all these must be met from wages which in the case of these 164 families from now on are to be only two thirds as large as they were before the depression.

These facts raise a question as to whether in a modern society relatives, friends and tradespeople should properly be asked to carry so much of the burden of support of families whose breadwinners are unable to find a market for their labor. Likewise they raise a question as to whether families should themselves be expected to pay so largely the costs of such a stretch of unemployment. They spur us on to a more intense interest in such reforms as may be suggested, and a hope that the time is not far distant when industry, society and our political organizations may plan and accept practical means for assuming, if not avoiding, these burdens which now fall so heavily on hapless individuals.

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FOOTLOOSE FAMILIES

(*Continued from page* 124)

of the two years' absence and because two years earlier he had been under eighteen and so had no settlement except that of his parents. But he had been an orphan since babyhood and had been raised in an orphan asylum.

Although the fact that this asylum was in Michigan did seem to fix the moral responsibility, the officials did not accept him. Private agencies helped him find his brother and sister, whom he had never seen, and since they could send no money he was allowed to hitch-hike to their home.

Last summer a study was made of a sample group of 304 transient families which experienced social workers declared to be typical cases. These cases were reported from twenty-six cities representing all parts of the United States. The families consisted of 1006 individuals and included 483 children under sixteen and 147 young people from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. For 249 of these families it was possible to determine the legal residence. There was insufficient information in six cases. No agreement could be reached by officials as to whether twenty-three had settlement, while for twenty-three others it was definitely established that they had no settlement. In three cases it was determined what state they belonged in but no county or town would claim them. Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut and a few other states have made provision to avoid the last dilemma by providing a classification of *state poor* and providing from state funds for those in need who have no local settlement, but in most of the states there is no such provision.

TWO years ago the Bureau of Public Welfare of Cook County, Illinois, was unable to establish any legal residence for thirty-three cases, or 4 per cent of all those referred to it by private agencies for transportation. More recent figures could not be obtained from that department, while some two hundred public and private agencies in various parts of the United States which were questioned as to the number of such really homeless persons who had come to their attention could give no figures whatever or even an estimate. Executives of family agencies in cities as well organized as Philadelphia, New York or Chicago did not know how many families who were non-residents they aided in a year, but they, like the workers in cities in the South and West, could tell of case after case where a family had moved on before any legal residence was established and where the case had been closed with the question still doubtful and other family problems unsolved.

Indeed the case workers who find most of their clients among the residents of their cities and enjoy doing an intensive, constructive work with them, seemed to breathe a sigh of relief when they learned a newcomer had disappeared. Local problems kept them so busy that they gave little thought to what a wandering life might mean to a new family, especially to the children deprived of the sense of security which comes from familiar surroundings.

Some social agencies try to aid wandering families to settle down but often they are not successful. A man, woman and three children started out in their car from Texas to find work. In New Mexico they were in a wreck and the wife and five-year-old girl were badly injured, but they continued into Arizona although they had lost practically all of their household goods and extra clothing in the wreck. The wife was expecting a baby. The Red Cross arranged for them to stay in an automobile camp and provided groceries and clothing. The man had been definitely promised work in Arizona by a man to whom he had written. But the accident delayed their arrival so that someone else got the job. Confinement care was secured for the wife, the man was helped in getting a few odd jobs and he soon found a shack where the family might live after a roll of building-paper had been given to them. The authorities in Texas would not verify the legal residence. The man was assisted in filing a claim for a loan on his adjusted service certificate and when this money arrived the family promptly

(*Continued on page* 162)

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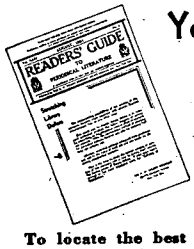

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(*Continued from page* 161) left town without saying goodbye to anyone.

From a city in Georgia came the report of a woman hitch-hiker, nearly blind, whose ambition was to end her days in a poorhouse, but she had wandered too long. She had no legal right even to poorhouse care anywhere in the United States. Badly in need of medical aid, she wandered on, refusing the efforts of private agencies to aid her. She was an American and felt she had a right to a place in an almshouse somewhere.

A couple with seven children came to the attention of an agency in a city in Tennessee when the children were sent out to beg on the streets by their tuberculous father. They had just arrived from Florida in a truck. Their old home was found to be in Virginia, but they had left there six years before so Virginia would not take them back. They had been in another city in Tennessee for two years before they went to Florida but had received relief before being there a year, so had not established a legal residence. The city where they had just arrived could not take over the burden of supporting them all and wished to give them transportation to leave town. But where should they be sent?

THE nearby garage is coming to rank with other cooperative agencies by harassed social workers who deal with transients. When the ancient and filthy Ford with its even more ramshackle trailer, piled high with household goods, in which Mr. and Mrs. W. and four children and a dog had traveled for six years finally stopped in an Atlantic Coast state last summer, the diagnosis of the garage mechanic was that this was a complete wreck; not ten cents could be obtained from the junkman for the remains. Shelter and food were accompanied by medical examination including psychometric tests. Papa was clearly feebleminded and alcoholic but mama was of a much lower intelligence—so low as not to object to frequent beatings. One child had little more intelligence than his mother, but the others were only dull normal and who knows how much that level might be raised by decent living and opportunity.

Certainly the children had never had a chance. They were badly undernourished and suffering from the skin diseases of filth. The little girl was blind in one eye from neglect of a simple infection. All the children showed the marks of ill-treatment as well as poverty. For years the entire support of the family had come through the begging of the children reinforced by picking up what they needed. The eleven- and thirteen-year-old boys had each had about two months of schooling, the younger children none at all. The family was entirely illiterate. It might be remarked parenthetically that this was a white, American, Protestant family. The parents objected to any medical care and refused the aid proffered by a family agency to settle down when it became clear that there was no legal settlement to which they could be sent. They resented questions about the bruises on the children. They intended to move on as soon as possible.

It has come to be recognized as a modern American custom to interfere in such cases for the good of the children, but in this case the juvenile court refused to act. The judge held that the state had troubles enough within its borders. Its state school for mental defectives had a long waiting-list, its children's institutions were full, its boarding-home fund exhausted. He could not add further burdens to the state by declaring these children wards of the court and then having to provide for them until they were twenty-one or perhaps for life. Without a legal backing the private agencies felt helpless. In spite of the diagnosis made by the mechanic, somehow Mr. W. got his Ford started, piled in his household goods, wife, children and dog, and departed, swearing to keep quite away from interfering social workers and to secure his support from Christian folk.

For years social workers have talked about the evils of "passing on" or giving transportation without determining if it will actually aid the family, but the general public seldom thinks of more than the immediate need. "Passing on" is still a common practice. The following case is typical. A woman with three young children hitch-hiked from Athens, Tennessee, to Somerset, Kentucky, where the police took up a collection

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to pay their fare by bus to Lexington. When a Travelers Aid worker there made injuiries as to where they belonged, the woman took up a collection in the station and proceeded to Georgetown. The police there sent them on to Williamstown, where the police provided fare into Cincinnati. The woman said she was seeking her husband who had deserted her, and that she wished to put her children in an institution in Cincinnati since in Chattanooga she had been told she must give them up permanently. A brief investigation led to the husband, who complained that his wife was always wandering off with the children because it was interesting to travel and cost nothing.

It was discussion of this problem which led to the beginning of the National Conference of Jewish Charities in 1899. The group formulated the Transportation Agreement which, copied by the National Conference of Charities and Correction in 1902, now under the Committee on Transportation of the Allied National Agencies, is the guide by which it is decided if transportation shall be given in a particular case. However, most county commissioners, police chiefs, ministers and private individuals to whom appeals for transportation come have never heard of the Transportation Agreement. Even for the signers, those who understand why persons ought not to be passed on, the problem of what to do with those who have neither friends nor relatives willing to provide for them, no job in prospect and no legal settlement, remains obscure.

It has repeatedly been urged that a uniform settlement law should be passed in all states. Such a law could provide that one year of social residence should constitute settlement, and that anyone should retain a settlement in one state until he established a settlement in another. If this were done there would be no homeless, unsettled poor. But the states, rather than coming into greater accord about this, seem to be making for greater diversity. Last year California and North Carolina increased their residence requirements from one year to three. There seems no way under the federal Constitution to pass any law enforcing uniformity on the states. Some progress has been made in the care of the non-resident insane through agreements between lunacy commissions in different states, but as the officials in one New England state said when questioned about providing for a non-resident destitute person: "He got into town; he can get out." They were not even interested in determining if he had a settlement anywhere.

TO Florida the non-residents have come in hordes and social work, weakened by a succession of disasters in recent years, has not been able to cope successfully with this new flood of unemployed. One attempt to deal with it has been the "Hobo Express," described as follows:

> The sheriff from Miami gathers up a truckload of men and boys each morning and takes them to the northern county line. The sheriff from Fort Lauderville meets them and transfers them to Palm Beach County where they are met by the sheriff of St. Lucies County. Here the chain ends as the sheriff of Brevard County does not meet the express, and it is known that Mr. Hobo eventually makes his way back to the place from which he was first started. Newspaper accounts state that the hoboes are given water and a loaf of bread at noon.

It will be remembered that this method was tried in Elizabeth's England.

Although figures regarding the increase in the number of transients in distress are difficult to obtain, the following may give some indication. The Travelers Aid Societies of the United States cared for 9736 dependent non-residents in 1928 and 18,208 in 1930. While complete figures for 1931 are not yet available, the cities which reported for the first six months indicated that the total would be nearly double that for 1930. In Seattle the Travelers Aid Society aided seventy-three dependent non-residents in 1928, 205 in 1930, and 249 in the first six months of 1931. In Milwaukee, 75 were aided in 1928, 340 in 1930, 332 in the first six months of 1931. Cities in all parts of the country show similar increases. The Los Angeles County Welfare Department aided 4328 transients in the year ending June 30, 1931. That agency, with the help of a few private agencies, aided almost 3700 transient families in the first six months of 1931. In eight (*Continued on page* 166)

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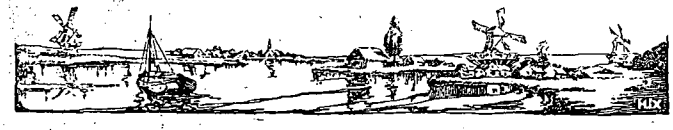
Traveler's Notebook



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THE OPEN ROAD (11 W. 42 St., New York) announces "roughing-it" trips to Russia led by the experienced Julian Bryan and Maxwell Stewart of the Foreign Policy Association; a hiking trip through England, Holland and Germany for girls; a cycling-hiking tour through France.

THE COMMITTEE ON CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH LATIN AMERICA (112 E. 19 St., New York) will hold its seventh seminar in Mexico July 3-23. This is a fine chance to become familiar with the cultural, social and international aspects of that fascinating country.

THE DRUCKER TRAVEL BUREAU (Alice S. Plaut, 6 W. 4 St., Cincinnati, O.) is arranging pre- and post-conference tours in connection with the New Educational Fellowship meetings in Nice.

DR. SVEN V. KNUDSEN (248 Boylston St., Boston), the originator of that unique project, My Friend Abroad—the International Interchange of Boys, is taking a group to England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France the 29th of June.

EUROPE ON WHEELS (218 Madison Ave., New York) is a way of getting into the nooks and crannies of foreign countries and seeing people, places, customs that are indigenous; instead of just the "high spots" they are famous for. This means a car at reasonable rates, chauffeur driven, or driven by yourself, wherever you want it, and for as long as you want it; covered by all-risk insurance and international papers making it possible to go from one country to another.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY (65 Broadway, New York) is scheduling a study tour which will trace the development of architecture from the Greek temples in Sicily and southern Italy to modern buildings in European capitals; an anthropological tour of the Southwest and Indian Pueblo district, to be led by Prof. Paul H. Nesbitt of Beloit College; a psychological study tour, including one month's residence in Vienna with lectures by members of the University of Vienna faculty.

Miscellany

ONE economist, according to *Science News Letter,* places the "touring industry" as the largest in the United States, citing the expenditure of $3,500,000,000 a year in proof.

It is not clear whether this refers to b.d. or d.d. (before depression or during depression). But at any rate, currently, the Cunard Line is initiating a deferred-payment plan, in cooperation with the Morris Plan Corporation; making it possible to go abroad by paying 25 per cent down and the balance in monthly instalments.

In addition, the Hamburg American, International Mercan-

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tile Marine, United States, North German Lloyd and Cunard Lines are reducing their rates 20 per cent.

"So You're Going" News (published by the Clara Laughlin Travel Service) contains the interesting information that the American Merchant Line is sailing a new ship, the American Importer, which means that 123 more passengers will be able to go to London for $100 in a one-class boat (with an extra charge of $5 to Cherbourg and $10 to Hamburg).

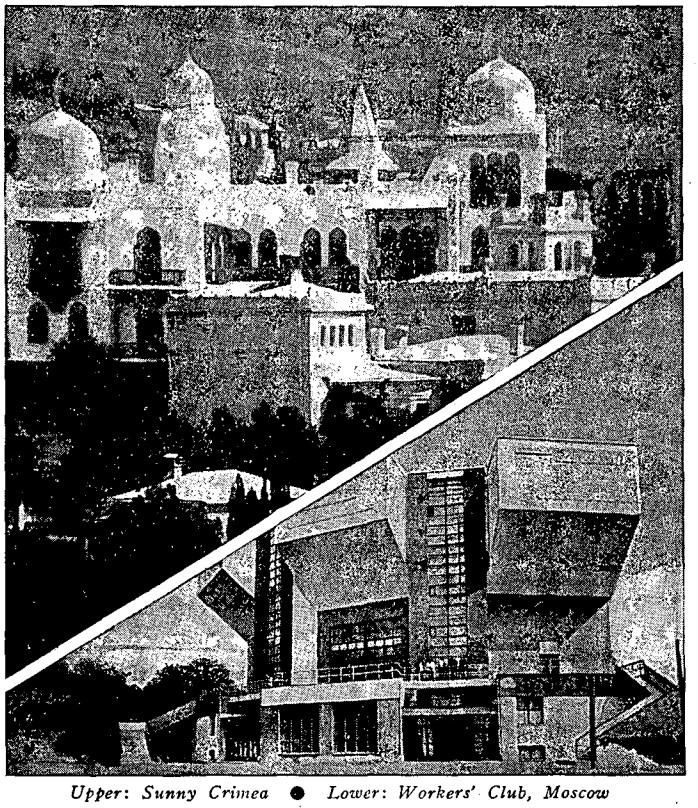
The Baltimore Mail Line is also a one-class service, carrying eighty-one passengers. Every stateroom has outside exposure, hot running water, Simmons beds; more than half have private baths. Good old Southern cooking! The cost is $115 one way and as low as $180 for round trip.

The American Friends Service Committee (20 South 12 St., Philadelphia) announces the third annual Institute of International Relations at Haverford College, June 13-25. This and similar institutes at Northwestern University, June 20-July 2; Wellesley College, June 23-July 2, are designed to help promote world peace through classes, lectures and recreation. Some of the speakers are Leyton Richards of Birmingham, England; Yusuke Tsurumi, leader of the Youth of Japan; Norman Thomas of the League for Industrial Democracy; Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for Prevention of War; Prof. Sidney B. Fay of Harvard.

THE Federation of American Branches of the English Folk Dance Society will hold its sixth annual summer school at Amherst—on the campus of the Massachusetts State College—from August 21 to September 3. You can come for one week or both, and combine recreation with classes in morris, sword and country dancing. For details write to Susan H. Gilman, 159 East 33 Street, New York.

Coming Events

MAY	(Oct.) "Protection of Property and Life" exposition, Cologne
1-5	American Conference on International Justice, Washington, D. C.
4-6	National Foreign Trade Council of the United States, Honolulu
7-8	International Dancing Tournament, Baden-Baden
15-19	Women's International League for Peace and Freedom Congress, Grenoble, France
JUNE	
14-16	National Conference of Labour Women, The Dome, Brighton, England
25-	(July 2) Cotton Pageant—open-air drama of King Cotton with 12,000 actors—Manchester
JULY	(Aug.) Exposition of Swedish art in connection with Gustavus Adolphus Year
	(Oct.) "Home and Garden" exposition, Munich
4-11	First Congress of Electrical Engineers, Buenos Aires
10-14	International Conference of Social Work, Frankfort
11-30	Exhibition of Egyptian Archeology, University College, London
15-19	Congress of International Lithographers, Stockholm
16-20	Fourth International Conference of Settlements, Berlin
17	Swiss Federal Gymnastic and Centenary Fete, Aarau
18-21	Second General Congress on Child Welfare, Geneva
18-24	Fifth International Congress of Entomology, Paris
18-	(Aug. 21) Wagner Festival Plays, Munich
21	Belgian National Fete at the Kursaal, Interlaken
21-25	Eleventh German National Singers' Festival—15,000 participants, Frankfort
21-	(Aug. 19) Mozart Festival Plays, Munich
22-31	International Aviation Meet at Dubendorf, Zurich
23-29	First International Recreation Congress, Los Angeles
23-31	International Airmail Exposition, Danzig
24	International Congress for Industrial Chemistry, Prague
25-29	International Congress for Commercial Education, London
25-31	Regional Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations, Honolulu
25-	(Aug. 6) World Grain Conference, Regina, Canada
27-	(Aug. 3) Conference of International Student Service, Czechoslovakia—on *Students and the Social Order*
28-	(Aug. 4) International Federation of University Women, Edinburgh
29-	(Aug. 12) Sixth International Conference of the New Educational Fellowship, Nice—on *Education and a Changing Society*
30-	(Aug. 10) Olympic Games, Los Angeles
AUGUST	
1	Swiss National Fete
2-12	Boy Scout Jamboree, The Hague
15	Second International Congress for Ray Treatments and Research, Copenhagen
15-20	St. Stephen's Week and Festivals, Budapest
20	Third week of Goethe Festival Plays opens at Weimar; also Music Festival of Liszt Assn.
22-27	International Congress of Psychology, Copenhagen
29-	(Sept. 3) Fourteenth International Physiological Congress, Rome
SEPT.	Twelfth Congress, International Committee for Democratic Action for Peace, Spain
4-12	International Mathematical Congress, Zurich
OCTOBER	
17-22	International Institute of Agriculture, Rome



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STATE CONFERENCE SECRETARIES

Headquarters: At booth of Pennsylvania Conference on Social Welfare, at Convention Hall.

Meetings: Benjamin Franklin Hotel—Room 340. Meetings are scheduled for Monday, May 16, 1:15 P.M. (Luncheon) and 3:15 P. M., and Wednesday, May 18, 1:15 P.M. (Luncheon).

Persons interested in State Conference structure and functions are invited to attend.

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Our Wild Animals

(*Continued from page* 163) months the State Social Service Exchange of Georgia registered 3000 transient families. In the state of Washington estimates of the increase during the last year varied from 50 to 300 per cent. In a special study made in Florida, it was found that 2100 transient families came to the attention of social agencies in twelve cities within the year. In the first six months of 1931, 5100 applied to social agencies in Arizona cities. Figures are not available regarding how many of these are without legal residence. The New York State Department of Social Welfare in the six-year period ending June 30, 1931 returned 9936 non-resident poor to legal residences outside of the state. It is not known how many other cases were considered by them for which no residence could be established.

Experiments have been made in California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Oregon and Washington with state-wide social-service exchanges to register all transients applying for assistance to social agencies and the National Conference of Jewish Social Work has established a national registration of Jewish transients so that more complete figures may be looked for in the future.

IT seems almost a certainty that travel will keep on increasing and therefore all problems relating to transients and especially to those without a settlement will increase also. Families too poor to pay railroad or bus fares or even to buy a third-hand Ford can travel by hitch-hiking. Once it has started to travel a family is quite likely to keep going until it has lost its legal residence about the time it comes to the end of its resources.

It would scarcely be thought that intelligent persons in the year 1932 would consider it either a constructive or a possible measure to set up boundaries at state or county lines to keep people at home, but attempts have been made at state lines to prevent possibly dependent travelers from entering the state. Almost without exception, local unemployment relief or made-work committees have ruled that only residents may be aided or given work. Charity begins at home, they say, and we must aid our own first. The evidence before the Senate committee considering the federal relief bills seemed to indicate that this year some local committees are not able even to care for their own poor. The Association of Public Welfare Officials has suggested that rather than pushing further for uniform settlement laws at present, the emphasis should be put on agreements regarding the transfer of dependents between states and on seeing that each locality does care for its own. However, these recommendations still leave the status of those without a settlement uncertain. Public agencies have not looked kindly on private agencies which have aided families until they could establish a settlement in a new community. In a year like the present, most private agencies are too poor to attempt this.

However, private and public agencies have a responsibility toward preventing families from entering the ranks of the unsettled, from becoming like the little dog in the comic strip, an always unwanted, homeless Hector, to agencies private and public. Last fall a family came to the office in New York of the National Association of Travelers Aid Societies asking transportation to West Virginia. It was explained that the national agency gave no direct assistance and that a New York agency should be consulted, but the woman said they had been refused even an interview with the Travelers Aid Society of New York. On the telephone it was learned that when the woman had asked for a ticket out of town she had been referred back to the local agencies which had long known her. Through the Social Service Exchange it was discovered that the family was known to a score of agencies. A family agency reported that aid given over a period of eight years had resulted in no improvement in the family situation and it had finally been decided that the children, who were being mistreated, must be taken from the parents.

The case had been transferred to a children's protective agency for this purpose. The family agency had long before communicated with agencies in West Virginia regarding relatives there and had found that the relatives had a long record of dependency and delinquency themselves. The children's protective agency reported that (*Continued on page* 168)

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Betsy Ross House

Associate Group Meetings

1906 -- PHILADELPHIA -- 1932

Independence Square

TRAVELERS AID SOCIETIES

National Ass'n Headquarters—Pennsylvania Hotel

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Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

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"To bring church social workers together for acquaintance and discussion of common problems;
"To bring to church social workers the value of the discussions and associations of the National Conference of Social Work;
"To develop understanding and cooperation between churches and social agencies in communities;
"To make religion a greater redemptive force in all social work."

Meeting, Philadelphia, May 15-21 **Headquarters, Friends Meeting House, 20 South 12th Street**

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Other discussion topics include Changes in the Social Order Demanded by the Christian Ethic; The Social Ideals of the Churches; The Church and Industry; Denominational Responsibility for Social Work; Development of Local Churches as Supervised Centers of Friendship for Young People; The Opportunity of the Church for Service in the Field of Recreation; The Staffing of Institutions for Dependent Children under Church Auspices; Extension of Social Service to Rural Communities.

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Fifty-Ninth Meeting

National Conference of Social Work

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While it contains, necessarily, much that is interesting chiefly as an inside view of what the author calls the "progressive degeneration" of one organization, the book's primary concern is to attack an abuse and not a particular House. It is published anonymously for the obvious reason that the author's name would identify the organization, and render the indictment less impersonal and general.

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S.G. 5-32

(*Continued from page* 166) it had planned to break up the family, but the parents had suggested sending them to West Virginia instead, so the case had been transferred to a public agency for transportation. The public agency reported they had refused transportation after again checking up on the situation in West Virginia and determining that the family's legal residence was and always had been in New York, but the father had said he would beg money to take them all South, therefore the public agency closed the case. Probably this family left New York and will soon be without a settlement. If cities feel justified in being inhospitable to strangers, surely they owe more to their own residents than this family received.

Certain remedies regarding the same problem of the homeless seem clear. There should be adequate care for residents in their own localities so that they will not have to leave home, and if the home community is too poor to care for its own this implies state or national aid. There is need of centrally controlled public employment offices so that aimless wandering in search of work may be minimized. Further agreements between state and local officials will help. Most of all is needed some federal provision for those without a claim on any local government unit. In a period of depression we may close our doors to foreigners who might become public charges, but can we ignore the growing number of Americans who have an undoubted right to be somewhere within the United States, but seemingly no right to stay in any corner of it? Might not the Children's Bureau be the agency which should see that the children of these wandering families are assured of at least a minimum of protection from mistreatment, of education and of health care?

Spring is upon us and families are even now leaving their homes to become the unsettled transients of the future. Old methods of making people stay at home and of treating the unemployed have not proved successful. Let us quote again from Stanley's Remedies of 1646. After reviewing the laws in regard to whipping, branding, hanging and the ineffectiveness of local control he concluded: "The public must join their shoulders to the work, else it will never be done."

THE CITY AS THE NEW MODE

(*Continued from page* 129)

acreage of New York City. Take any small metropolis, with the villages and farmlands that girdle it. Upon that, superimpose the map of Palestine—the two areas will practically coincide. The Holy Land was a municipal commonwealth. Yet within that tiny area the people lived a gigantic life. In Athens a man could be arrested and brought to trial for incivism, want of public spirit. Rome—the very name tells it—was a municipal civilization. Therefore they also lived gigantically. We find Brutus the elder ordering his sons to death for their unfaithfulness to the city; he standing by unmoved as their heads were struck from their shoulders. We are told of Dentatus, hero of three triumphs, eating boiled turnips in his chimney corner and scorning the gold of Macedonia. Manlius put his son to death for winning a victory contrary to orders: "Discipline is the secret of Roman success," explained the inflexible father.

They lived municipally. Therefore they had a high standard of living. Nowadays individualism is the cult. And because of it we have a low standard of living. Listen to the cityzen of Judea (and I crave permission to write that word cityzen in its old, correct spelling): "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Unless we are big enough to think municipally, we are not big enough to read the Bible. If any man thinks that his town is too small a field for his heart to swell into, let him try it. In Rome even as late as Caesar's time, guards were placed around the market to seize forbidden luxuries. In whatsoever a Roman did, the fair name of the municipality was at stake. The municipality saw to it, therefore, that he did what was befitting. Fidelity to engagements, self-mastery over the appetites, dutiful (*Continued on page* 172)

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(*Continued from page* 168) service, simplicity of apparel, plain food, mercantile honor—these were enforced with penalties; even to throwing from the Tarpeian Rock.

Herein stand explained the charges of corruption that are bandied against our cities. When a police commissioner lines his own pocket, accusation grows black in the face, as though in the presence of a sacrilege. Why? Because we compare him with the standards of a former day when cities were upon earth, and therefore nobility and disinterestedness were the rule of conduct. A drygoods merchant frankly says: "I am in business to get rich." And it excites no scandal; because we measure him against this our little day of individualism. The police commissioner, on the other hand, wears the uniform and sports the name of municipal civilization. Against the dazzling whiteness of that background, a small smut stands out black as Erebus. A municipal civilization gave Sinai to the world, with its awful Commandments Ten.

SAID Pastor Robinson, when the Pilgrims were setting out to America: "The Lord has further light yet to break forth from his word." The city as the subject of redemption is that "further light." And it is going to burst upon the world like the singing of birds, after a night of confused noise and garments rolled in blood. The churches have held to the goodness of God, but have lost the greatness of God. I have a friend who used to have occasion to take papers to J. Pierpont Morgan the elder, to be signed. And he says that whenever he found himself in the presence of that man, he nearly had a urinary crisis. Why? Because he was in the presence of such colossal Power. But listen to a modern preacher praying. He enters the Presence with a glib shoulder-slapping familiarity, as though sitting in the lap of a personal father. Which is unbiblical. Lord God, father of cities—that is the biblical doctrine, Paul to the contrary notwithstanding. Only as we are incorporated into the city corpus are we incorporated into the divine.

We have got to have government on this planet and we have got to have it quick. Government is the sum total of public spirit in the people. Has never been nor ever can be aught else than that. Only in the lap of localism is public spirit begotten—those loyalties that cause the home to glow and the ties of good-neighborhood. We have got to gather the people once more. Nothing but localism can gather the people. Then we can league the localisms far and wide. But the communal mass is the pivot. Bereaved of the local mandate, statutes are futility. A bootlegger is the shadow cast by a prohibitionist. In our fight against John Barleycorn we have captured everything except local government. And that is the only thing worth capturing.

City-hall in our day is plagued with an inferiority complex. In the great ages of history she sat in the world council, handling the weighty and ultimate questions—a queen clothed with majesty as it were, the shine of a flaming fire. Now, however, city-hall is the Cinderella of the political household, menial and content. A slavey, she toils among the pots and pans whilst the haughty sisters array themselves in silk and sit upstairs in the parlor. And then we wonder that she is unclean. Pericles was mayor of Athens; did Athens consent to a subaltern role? David was a municipal king; did that municipality of Palestine cringe and cower and grovel? Demosthenes wrought and died in the cause of municipal civilization; do his words smack of a kitchen wench sweating in the basement? The cities of the Hanseatic league would not permit the emperor so much as to set root within their precincts even though coming on an errand of peaceableness.

Slaves are unclean. But the freeborn are never unclean. Until our political Cinderella awakens to self-respect we cannot hope for a revival of government. For example, the letter written by the lord mayor of Leipzig. The mayor of Chicago, receiving that letter, had a nervous chill. Because the letter summoned him and his city to self-respect. Chicago to sit in the council of world affairs—be a maker of history, as Athens was a maker of history, and Jerusalem, and Rome, and Florence! It frightened him, as a drudge in the kitchen would be frightened if asked to come into the parlor and meet dressed-up people. She would blush and stutter, say that she felt she had no call to put on "company (*Continued on page* 176)

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State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur Kellogg, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the SURVEY GRAPHIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge nd belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

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[Signed] ARTHUR KELLOGG, Managing Editor.

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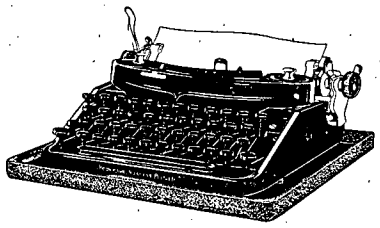

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manners." That explains Chicago's crime wave. If Cinderella be afflicted with a sense of inferiority, she will be so inferior that she will not be able to repress the vermin that squeak and scratch round about.

What is to be done? We must unify the people into municipal formation; and then we must federate these formations. A practical next step is immediately before us. European cities invited American mayors to visit them last summer. Common decency requires that American cities return that invitation. Which means for one thing, your city. Make city-hall world-conscious. Which is good Americanism. Alexander Hamilton, greatest of centralizers, nevertheless stated in The Federalist that the local units would always occupy chief place in the affections of the people.

Many are moaning because America is not in the Geneva league. But we can get into world affairs, by the municipal approach. The Kellogg Pact has committed us officially to peace. Therefore it is the bounden duty of our cities—every city that flies the federal flag—to enter a world council and make the Kellogg Pact operative. Cities, as the name indicates, can be the swiftest vehicle of civil opinion, the opinion of the civilians (civilian is another way of spelling cityzen). At this moment war between China and Japan impends, which may wreck civilization. Suppose that the cities of China and of Japan had been trained to be world-conscious. Now they could function and avert the catastrophe. In Japan the cabinet is on the side of the civilians; but her army and navy are independent of the cabinet. If the cities of Japan, in league with the cities of China, lifted the flag of conciliation, the Japanese cabinet would be immeasurably strengthened to make stand against the army and navy in their autocratic procedures.

Tourists are setting out constantly for Europe. Why not go as envoy of your city to the cities of Europe? A letter from your mayor, accrediting you as an ambassador of good will, whilst it would carry no official significance, would carry a moral weight. And would make that tourist welcome in every town-hall of England and the continent. They are eager to work with the cities of America, to organize the world. The cities of Europe are the repository of the Gothic tradition. And in the Gothic age, the cities were world-minded. I wrote in favor of a municipal alliance to The Fortnightly Review in London. They welcomed it. A change of editors, shortly after, put all manuscripts back to their writers for resubmission, and I have not yet followed it up. But it tells that England as well as the continent is alert in this matter.

I recall a meeting we had in the city-hall of Amsterdam to see what could be done to get the cities into a world league. An old building, redolent of the days when Amsterdam was one of the Gothic commonwealths, and with Rembrandt still a living presence in the artistry of the room where we assembled. The lord mayor sat at the head of the long table. Beside him was the acting mayor, Mr. Wibaut. And then, along the table on each side, influential citizens of Amsterdam. We talked. And finally it came to this: Would I go back to America and prepare the way whereby officials from the European cities could visit the American cities in the matter of a world municipal federation? My plans at that particular moment made such a trip impracticable. But so great was the eagerness that my expenses would have been paid if I had accepted the proposal.

THE trouble with America is, it never knew the Gothic. Europe, despite the materialisms plentifully rampant there, still keeps a something of culture as a survival and momentum from that municipal era. America must relearn the lesson of localism. A city is the biggest thing in the world. For it is the biggest thing that the mind can grasp. If any mind thinks it can grasp a still bigger area, let it grasp the city first; its flora and its fauna; its men and women and children; its metropolis and the fields; its history and actuality and futurity; its industries and schools; its homes lofty and humble; grass these, to call the brooks by name and the urchins by their first name. Grasp your city in your consciousness. Then go on—if you feel like going on—to grasp the flora and fauna in another city. Localism, the greatest thing in the world. And federation of localism, the noblest thing in the world.

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